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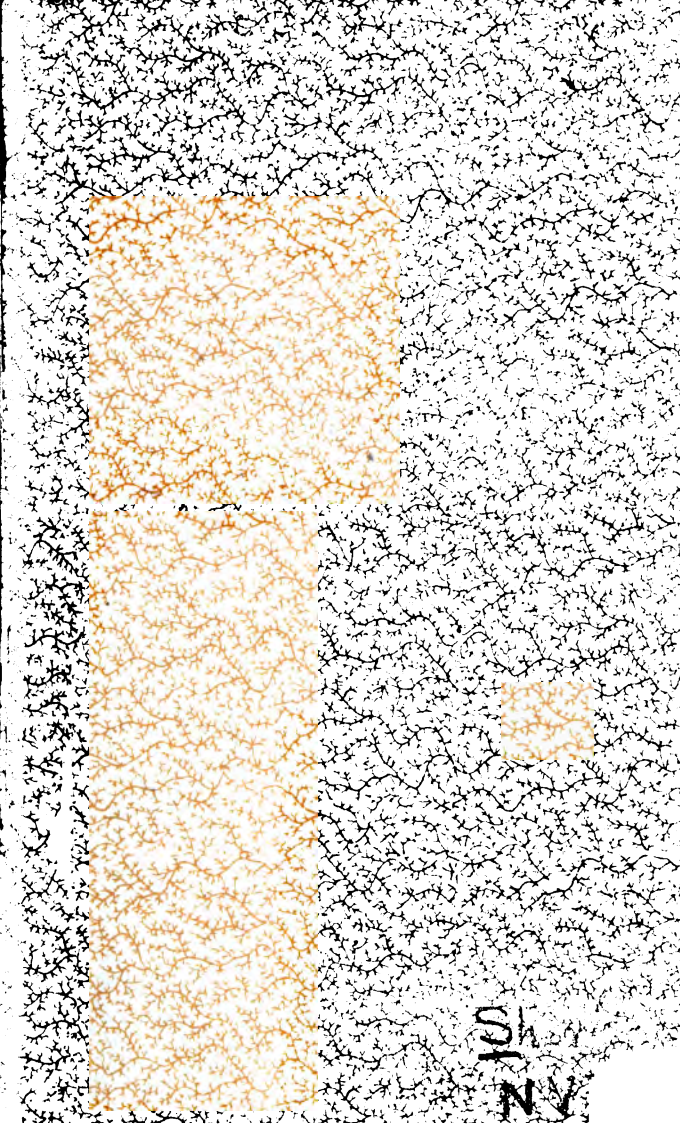
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THE

SATIRES

Flaccus Aulus OF

PERSIUS

Tranſlated into ENGLISH VERSE;

WITH SOME

OCCASIONAL NOTES;

AND THE

Original TEXT corrected.

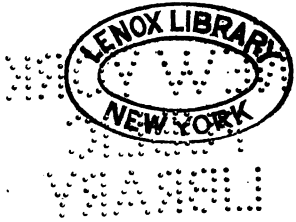
Multum, et veræ Gloriæ, quamvis uno Libro Perſius meruit.
QUINTIL. LIV. X. CAP. I.

The SECOND EDITION;

To which is now prefixed,

The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

LONDON,
Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*.
MDCCLI.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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Verſion of the Satires of Perſius, was attempted by the Tranſlator, when he was but a young Student in the Univerſity, and no leſs inclined by his natural Diſpoſition, than required by the Rules of his *Society*, to apply himſelf to Claſſical Learning.

If his Amuſements at any time, can be ſerviceable to any, who are under the ſame Obligation to purſue the ſame Studies, and afford, moreover, ſome Degree of Entertainment to the Engliſh Reader, the Ends propoſed by the Publication of them will be fully anſwered.

It may have been expected perhaps, that, through the Courſe of the preſent Tranſlation, ſome Notice ſhould have been taken of the Errors committed in *former* Verſions. But this diſagreeable Taſk, the Tranſlator has rather choſe to decline; imagining that, if he has been happy

happy enough himſelf, to diſcover his Author's true Meaning, it would be but of ſmall Importance to the Reader, to be told where others have miſtaken it.

Advertiſement by the Bookſeller.

THE following Life of the Latin Author is taken from Mr. Bayle, in which the Gentleman, to whom the Public is obliged for the Tranſlation of Perſius, had no concern.

THE

LIFE

OF

PERSIUS,

From Mr. *BAYLE*.

AUlus Perſius Flaccus, (*A*) a ſatyrical Poet, in the Reign of the Emperor *Nero*, was a Native of *Volterra* in *Tuſcany* (*B*). He was a *Roman* Knight, related and allied to Perſons of the firſt Rank. He ſtudied at *Volterra* till he was twelve Years of Age, and afterwards continued his Studies at *Rome*, under the Grammarian *Palæmon*, the Orator *Verginius*, and *Cornutus* a Stoic Philoſopher, who entertained ſo great an Affection for him, that there was ever after the moſt intimate Friendſhip between them. *Perſius* has immortalized in his Works that

Friendſhip, and his Gratitude for the good Offices of this Friend, *Sat. & paſſim.* He expreſſed himſelf ſtill more ſtrongly on that Subject by a Will, in which he bequeathed him his Library and a large Sum of Money, *viz.* Five and twenty thouſand Crowns according to ſome. But *Cornutus* accepted only the Books, and left the Money to his Heirs, that is, to *Perſius*'s Siſters. He adviſed *Perſius*'s Mother to ſuppreſs ſome Pieces of Poetry, which her Son had compoſed when he was very young. He judged, without doubt, that they would not anſwer the great Reputation of thoſe already publiſhed; and which were received by the Public with ſuch univerſal Applauſe, that all the Copies were immediately diſpoſed of. This is a fine Example to be propoſed to thoſe who publiſh ſo many trifling Poſthumous Works, in hopes that the Glory of the deceaſed Author will ſerve them as a Safeguard. Among other Works of *Perſius*, they ſuppreſſed ſome Verſes he had wrote on *Arria*, that illuſtrious *Roman* Lady, who killed herſelf to give an Example to her beloved Huſband. *Moreri* falſely imagined that it was a Satire againſt *Arria (C)*: but

it

it was rather a Panegyric, and indeed we cannot reasonably expect the Contrary, considering the Author's great Friendship for *Thraseas*, Son-in-law to *Arria*, his Kinswoman. He studied with *Lucan* under *Cornutus*, and was so much admired by his School-fellow, that when *Persius* repeated his Verses, *Lucan* could scarce forbear breaking out into Acclamations. A very rare Example among Poets of the same Genius, but too commonly practised out of Artifice and Vanity (*D*). It was very late before *Persius* became acquainted with *Seneca*, and he could never like his Temper. He was a good Friend, still a better Son, a better Brother, and a better Relation (*E*). Tho' he was handsome, he was very Chaste: he was sober, meek as a Lamb, and as modest as a young Virgin; so true it is, that we must not judge of the Manners of an Author by his Writings; for the Satires of *Persius* are very licentious: besides, they are sharp and full of Invectives. 'Tis believed that he did not spare even the cruel *Nero* himself. He pointed him out so plainly, that *Cornutus* thought it proper to alter some of his Expressions (*F*). He died at

twenty-eight Years of his Age (*G*). Whatever his Panegyrists may think proper to say of him, it is certain that he wrote very harshly and obscurely (*H*). He might almost be stiled the *Lycophron* of the Latins (*I*). *Scaliger* the Father, and several other excellent Critics speak very ill of him; but perhaps they run into a worse Extreme, than if they had shewed the greatest Esteem for that Poet. We may observe, that the Rigour of the Times in which he lived serve as no Excuse for the Obscurity of his Stile (*K*), as some have pretended. Some *Italian* Genealogists alledge that the *Falconcini* Family of *Volterra* derive their Original from his Father (*L*).

NOTES.

(*A*) *Aulus Persius Flaccus.*] Those who say that he had the Sirname of *Flaccus* given him on account of his imitating *Horace*, have not observed that his Father had the same Sirname, *Suet. in Vita Persii*. Nor have they been more happy in their Conjecture, when they say he was called *Severus*, on account of his professing the *Stoic* Philosophy. *Casaubon, Notis in Vitam Persii*, furnishes me with these two Remarks. With regard to the second of which, he believes that an Inscription found at *Volterra* was the Occasion of it. The Inscription is as follows, *A. Persius A. F. Severus V. an.* viii. M. III. D. xix. and supposes that those whom this great Critic censures, alledged that the Title of *Severus* was given to

Per-

Perſius, as the Sirname of a Family, and in that Caſe they might very juſtly be cenſured for it. But if they conſidered that Title only as an Epithet, like that of *Ardeas*, which *Juvenal* has given *Lucilius*, (Sat. I.) they could not in my Opinion be blamed for having taken Notice of the Poet's Attachment to the *Stoic* Philoſophy, nor could it be alledged that they had any Regard to the Inſcription at *Volterra*. No Body ever deſerved the Title of *Severus* better than that Poet, conſidering the imperious Stile of his Invectives and Cenſures, which is the Reaſon *Barthius* gives for that Epithet. It was therefore very unjuſt to apply to him the ſevere Reprimand of *Caſaubon*. What I ſpeak of at preſent reſpects *Magirus*, (*Eponymolog. Critic. pag.* 648.) for after having ſet down theſe Words of *Barthius*, (*adverſar.* I.) *Severum veteres libri ab auctoritate caſtigandi & invectione in malos mores nominant*, he adds, *ſed videtur huic vaniſſimo commento occaſionem præbuiſſe inſcriptio illa memoria averum Volaterris inventa, ubi* Aul. PERSII *cujuſdam octennis pueri fit mentio, cui cognomen fuit* Severo. Caſaub. *not. ad* Perſii *Vitam.* This Application does not appear to be judicious.

(B) A Native of Volterra in Tuſcany.] All Authors do not agree in this Point, *Etruria* and *Liguria* contended for it. *Perſius* might boaſt of ſharing in a great Meaſure the ſame Fortune with *Homer*, two large Provinces contending about him. *Etruria* founded its Pretenſions upon the Teſtimony of ſome ancient Authors, who ſaid that *Perſius* was of *Volterra*; and the Pretenſions of *Liguria* were grounded on theſe Lines,

Mihi nunc Ligus ora
Intepet, hibernatque meum mare, qua latus ingens
Dant ſcopuli, & multa littus ſe valle receptat
Lunai portum eſt operæ cognoſcere cives.

Perſ. Sat. VI. *ver.* 6.

In which the *Ligurians* alledge that the Poet ſpeaks of his native Country, and conſequently that he was born at *Portus Lunæ*, now called the Gulph *della Spezzia*.

Don *Gaſparo Maſſa* has wrote a very learned Diſſertation on that Subject, printed at *Genoa* in 1667, *della Vita, origine, è Patria di Aulo Perſio Flacco.* As he believes that the Town called *Luna* was ſituated in *Tuſcany*, he will not allow our Poet to have been born there; for his not being a Native of *Volterra* could ſignify nothing to him, if he could not deprive *Tuſcany* of the Honour of him, and prove that he was born in the State of *Genoa.* He therefore ſays that his native Place was *Tegulia*, near *Portus Lunæ*, ſituated in *Liguria*, fourſcore Stadia diſtance from *Luna. Aproſio della Patria d' A. Perſio, pag.* 14. You muſt obſerve that there is a Diſtinction made between the Town and the Port of *Luna. Lewis Aproſio* is of the ſame Opinion with *Gaſparo Maſſa*, as appears from a Diſſertation *d'A. Perſio* printed at *Genoa* in the Year 1664. You ſee how little *Moreri* is to be depended upon; he alledges that *Aproſio affirms* Perſius *to be of* Volterra, *and that* Gaſpar Maſſa *ſays he was born at* Luna *or* la Spezzia. Which is very falſe with Regard to *Aproſio*, and far from being exact with Regard to *Maſſa.* Farther, tho' the Arguments of theſe two Authors are not unanſwerable, yet they are very probable, and if I was to chuſe, I ſhould rather follow their Opinion than that of *Euſebius.* I muſt inform my Reader that *Soprani*, not contented with placing *Perſius* in his Catalogue of the Writers of *Liguria*, printed at *Genoa* in 4to, in the Year 1667, and with giving ſome Reaſons for it, had cauſed theſe two Diſſertations I have quoted to be printed at the End of his Work.

(C) Moreri *falſely imagined that it was a Satire againſt* Arria.] I believe the true Cauſe of his Miſtake was owing to theſe Words: *Scripſerat in puritia Flaccus——paucos in ſororem Thraſeæ & in Arriæ matrem verſus quæ ſe ante virum occiderat*, which the Critics have corrected thus, *in ſocrum Thraſeæ Arriæ matrem*, or *Arriam matrem.* The Præpoſition *in* is equivocal, ſignifying ſometimes *againſt* and ſometimes *upon.* But it may be perceived at firſt Sight that it ought to be taken

taken here in the ſecond Senſe; for what likelihood is there that *Perſius* ſhould write Verſes againſt a Lady, who was his Relation, Mother-in-law to his beſt Friend, and famous for having died in a moſt heroic Manner, according to the Opinions of that Sect in which our Poet was brought up. The Friendſhip of *Perſius* and *Thraſeas*, Son-in-law of that Lady, laſted near ten Years, which is as much as to ſay, as *Caſaubon* obſerves, that *Perſius* only lived about ten Years after he contracted an intimate Friendſhip with *Thraſeas*. Now as he lived but twenty-eight Years in all, it is evident that their Friendſhip commenced while *Perſius* ſtudied Philoſophy under *Cornutus*, and it is very probable that after the Acquiſition of ſuch a Friend he compoſed the Verſes we are ſpeaking of.

Cum primum pavido cuſtos mihi purpura ceſſit,
Bullaque ſuccinctis laribus donata pependit,
Me tibi ſuppoſui——————

Perſ. ad Cornutum, Sat. v.

The Word *Pueritia* is uſed by the beſt Latin Authors for a Young Man of eighteen or twenty Years of Age. I ſhall place here in Order the other Miſtakes of *Moreri*. He ſays that *Perſius* had *compoſed a Book againſt* Arria, *which his Maſter* Cornutius *made him burn*. At any Rate, it could not be a Book, but a ſmall number of Verſes, *Paucos verſus*. His Maſter's Name however was not *Cornutius*, but *Cornutus*, and it was not till after the Death of the Author that he adviſed his Mother to ſuppreſs theſe Verſes, together with all the reſt which he had compoſed in his Youth. *Omnia autem* Cornutus *auctor fuit* MATRI *ejus ut aboleret*. By this the Author of the Epiſtle, which ſerves by Way of Preface to Father *Tarteron*'s Tranſlation of *Perſius*, appears to be in a Miſtake. He expreſſes himſelf thus: "He compoſed "ſome Verſes which were not at all in Praiſe of ſo gene-"rous and faithful a Wife; but he followed the Advice "which was given him, and prudently ſuppreſſed "them." *Moreri* calls the Orator, under whom *Perſius* ſtudied,

ſtudied, *Virginius Fulvius*; but he ſhould have called him *Verginius Flaccus*. He ſays that this pretended *Virginius Fulvius* and *Rhemnius Palæmon, took care of* Lucan's *Education*. To what Purpoſe does he make this Remark, ſince he was not to mention *Lucan*'s Love for *Perſius*? But beſides, none of the Authors quoted by him, mention that pretended Education. 'Tis with Regard to *Cornutus*, that the Author of the Life of *Perſius* obſerves, that he taught *Lucan* and *Perſius* at the ſame Time. We ſhall ſee hereafter, in the Remark *(G)*, a Chronological Error of *Moreri*.

Monſ. *Marrao* informed me that *Moreri* very probably might take from Mr. *Geſſrier* what he ſays of *Arria*; for the Reputation of that Lady was ſo dear to Mr. *Geſſrier, that to make Amends for the Wrong* which he alledged *Perſius* had done her, he cauſed to be prefixed to his Tranſlation a Sonnet, which Father *le Moine* compoſed in Praiſe of *Arria*, in his *Gallerie des Femmes Fortes*.

(D) An Example——too commonly practiſed out of Artifice and Vanity.] This is very well explained by the Author of the Epiſtle abovementioned, who does not pretend that *Lucan* was free from that Fault. "*Perſius*, ſays he, was much better pleaſed with *Lucan*, who "had perhaps inſinuated himſelf into his Favour by praiſing the beautiful Paſſages in his Satires, and often "repeated theſe Words with great Admiration, *Theſe "are moſt excellent Pieces indeed.* For whatever Modeſty "a Perſon may be poſſeſſed of, he will be eaſily allured "by the Charms of ſuch flattering Applauſes beſtowed "by a good Judge in a full Aſſembly. But had not "*Lucan* a View in all this, and did not he expect the "like Return from *Perſius*? We know very well that "Poets and other Authors very ſeldom beſtow their "Praiſe for Nothing; for when they come to engage "in Praiſes and Compliments they do not ſpare each "other; but make Paſſes at one another with all their "Might. You know ſome at preſent as well as I, who "are reckoned for Bravery of Wit, if I may be allowed

"the

" the Expreſſion, the *Bouteville's* of the Age: they chal-
" lenge thoſe who have the beſt Parts, and whether by
" a Rencounter, or in ſet Duel, which have never been
" prohibited by the King, they ſtrive to conquer each
" other, and are very laviſh of the moſt civil and oblig-
" ing Compliments, even in Print, that Poſterity may
" not doubt of it. And in this Sort of Duels the weak-
" eſt is always the Aggreſſor, and it is he who ſends the
" Challenge. This Metaphor is taken from *Horace*,
" and it will appear to you at leaſt as pleaſant as it is
" bold. You will find it in his Epiſtle to *Florus*. As
" for my Part, if the Title of Author had made me
" greedy of Praiſe, I ſhould rather chuſe to be com-
" mended by a good Author whom I did not know ſo
" much as by Name, or by Sight, and who could have no
" Intereſt in praiſing me; for ſuch praiſes could not be
" ſuſpected."

(E) He was a good Friend, ſtill a better Son, a better Brother, and a better Relation.] The Author who furniſhes me with theſe Words, *Viz.* the Author of the Epiſtle prefixed to the Tranſlation of *Perſius* and *Juvenal*, by Father *Tarteron*; obliges me alſo with a Commentary upon them. *You are ſurprized at it*, ſays he, *and perhaps not without reaſon: but there is nothing more true, and they who knew him beſt, ſay, that he might be propoſed as an Example in that Reſpect. In ſhort he had a firm and ſincere Love for his Siſters, and a reſpectful Tenderneſs for his Mother* Fulvia, *tho' ſhe married again, and tho' he was very young when his Father died, and was only ſeven or eight Years of Age when ſhe committed that——I had almoſt ſaid Folly. But we muſt make ſome Allowances in favour to thoſe Women. He was already quick-ſighted enough to perceive that it was not an agreeable Thing; for Reaſon diſplays itſelf betimes on theſe Occaſions, becomes animated, and does not always wait for the Time appointed for making theſe Reflections, eſpecially in a Perſon that has a Satirical Turn. But, Sir, we muſt have the whole Truth; Her ſecond Huſband died in a ſhort time, and left* Perſius

in

in a Condition of reſpecting and loving his Mother, as ſincerely as he did, when he was only a Child. I do not know whether Fulvia *took any great Care of her Son's Education, and whether ſhe did not love herſelf rather too much to mind an Affair of ſuch great Importance. This I cannot take upon me to anſwer for; becauſe a ſecond Marriage, and even the Condition of a young Widow, is a great Hindrance to the Execution of ſuch a Charge; but this I am ſure of, that the* Roman *Knight, young as he was, neglected no Opportunity of making himſelf as accompliſhed a Man as I have repreſented him to you.* I ſhall add to this ſmall Commentary theſe Words of *Suetonius*; *Reliquit circa* H. SXX. *matri & ſorori*——Cornutus, *ſublatis libris, pecuniam ſororibus, quas frater hæredes fecerat, reliquit* ——What can we think of an Hiſtorian, who in the ſame page, after affirming twice that *Perſius* had but one Siſter, obſerves that *Perſius* left his Eſtate to his Mother and Siſters, and made his Siſters his Heirs?

(F) 'Tis believed that he did not ſpare even the cruel Nero *himſelf. He pointed him out ſo plainly, that* Cornutus *thought it proper to alter ſome of the Expreſſions.*] He made uſe of theſe Words in his firſt Satire.

Auriculas aſini Mida rex habet,

which *Cornutus* adviſed them to change into theſe,

Auriculas aſini quis non habet?

Sext. in Vita Perſii.

If *Cornutus* found *Nero* ſo plainly pointed at here, he did very well to uſe this Precaution; though very poſſibly that Emperor was ſtill in his happy Days, which continued the firſt five or ſix Years of his Reign. But how comes it that *Cornutus* made no Alteration in four Verſes inſerted in the ſame Satire, taken from a Tragedy of *Nero*? Was it a dangerous thing to ſay *King* Midas *has Aſſes Ears*, whilſt it was allowable to quote his Verſes as a Model of ridiculous Poetry? I find ſome Difficulty to account for this, and perhaps theſe four Verſes,

Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,
Et raptum vitulo caput allatura ſuperbo

Baſſa-

Baſſaris, & Lyncem Mænas flexura corymbis
Evion ingeminat: reparabilis adſonat Echo.
Sat. I. *ver.* 99.

were at moſt only an indirect and obſcure Piece of Raillery. For if *Nero* had been the Author of thoſe Verſes, how durſt any Body be ſo bold, as to ſet them down Word for Word, on purpoſe to laugh at them, when it was thought neceſſary to correct *Auriculas aſini Midæ rex habet?* There is ſomething very inconſiſtent here; a great Timidity on the one Hand, and Temerity on the other. But I have ſtill ſome more Objections to mention. I think *Cornutus* ſpoils the Thought of his Friend without any Neceſſity, and his Fears ſeem to me but ill grounded. *Perſius* being told that it was dangerous to cenſure the Vices of another Perſon, and that he ought not ſo much as to mention them to a Pit, anſwers, that he might be allowed to tell his Book that was buried what he had ſeen, *viz. that King* Midas *hath Aſſes Ears.*

Men' mutire nefas, nec clam nec cum ſcrobe? nuſquam.
Heic tamen infodiam. Vidi, vidi ipſe, libelle,
Auriculas Aſini Midæ rex habet.

This is a manifeſt Alluſion to the Hiſtory of *Midas*'s Barber, which was well known to *Nero*.

——————Secedit humumque
Effodit, & domini quales aſpexerit aures
Voce refert parva terræque immurmurat hauſtæ.
Ovid. Met. Lib. XI. *ver.* 186.

There was then very little Likelihood that this Prince would take it amiſs, that one ſhould faithfully relate the moſt beautiful Paſſage in that Hiſtory, *Auriculas aſini Midæ rex habet.* If you change them into theſe *Auriculas aſini quis non habet,* it can no longer be called the Barber's Text, but a looſe Imitation of it. If you tell me that it is better to leſſen the Beauty of a Thought, than exaſperate a Tyrant, I anſwer as before, *why do you not lop off the four abovementioned Verſes?* You ought to oblige the Author to blot them out, not only if they were

were borrowed from a Poem of *Nero*, but even if they contain only ſome of his Phraſes. It cannot in the leaſt be doubted that *Malherbe* would have been offended at theſe Verſes of M. *Boileau*, even ſuppoſing he had not been named in them:

Irai-dans une Ode en Phraſes de Malherbe,
Troubler dans ſes roſeaux le Danube ſuperbe,
Delivrer de Sion le Peuple gemiſſant,
Faire trembler Memphis & pâlir le Creiſſant,
Et paſſant du Jourdain les ondes allarmées
Cueiller mal à propos *les palmes Idumées?*
Boileau, Sat. IX. *ver.* 251.

M. *Boileau* mentions no Name when he ſays:

Tout chantre ne peut pas ſur le ton d'un Orphée,
Entonner en grands vers *la Diſcorde étouffée:*
Peindre *Bellone en feu tonnant de toutes parts,*
Et le Belge effrayé fuyant ſur ſes remparts.
Ibid. ver. 39.

Yet can any Body doubt but it muſt raiſe the Indignation of the Authors of thoſe Lines? I imagine therefore that the *Torva Mimalloneis* &c. can neither be a Fragment of *Nero*'s Poetry, nor an Imitation of his Verſes. For, further, if he was a Man of that Temper to be diſpleaſed at the Raillery *Auriculas aſini Mida rex habet*, which was an old Story, it was hardly to be expected that he would patiently bear the ridiculous Rhapſodies compoſed out of his own Expreſſions. Wherefore begging Pardon of the old Scholiaſt, I cannot ſubſcribe to theſe Words of M. *Boileau*, till ſuch time as my Scruples be removed, *Let us examine* Perſius, ſays he *(in his Diſcours ſur la Satire) who wrote in the Reign of* Nero. *He not only rails at his Co-temporary Poets, but even attacks the Verſes of* Nero *himſelf; for all the World knows, and the whole Court of* Nero *very well knew it, that theſe four Verſes* Torva Mimalloneis &c. *which* Perſius *ſo bitterly ridicules in his firſt Satire, were wrote by* Nero. *Yet we do not find that* Nero, *as cruel as he was, cauſed* Perſius *to be puniſhed for it; and that great Tyrant, tho' an Enemy to*

Rea-

Reaſon, and very fond of his own Works, was ſo polite as not to reſent it, and did not think that on ſuch an Occaſion the Emperor ſhould take upon him the Concerns of a Poet. I ſhall add no more concerning that Scruple. *Caſaubon* alledges, that the four Verſes in Queſtion were taken from a Tragedy called *Bacchæ*, *pag.* 134. And to prove that *Nero* had wrote ſuch a Piece, he quotes Dio, who only ſays that *Nero* acted the Part of a Muſician when that Tragedy was repreſented. But is this a Proof that he was the Author of it? Beſides, Hexameter Verſes, I believe, were not uſed in Tragedies; but the four Verſes we are ſpeaking of are Hexameters. If that learned Commentator had compared his Opinion concerning the *Torva Mimalloneis*, with his Preface to the firſt Satire, I queſtion if he would have perſiſted in it. In ſhort he ſays in that Preface, that the chief Deſign of *Perſius* in his fourth Satire, was to cenſure the Conduct of *Nero*; but in order to avoid bringing himſelf into Trouble, he ſo diſguiſed his Deſign, that he made uſe of no Expreſſion to point out the Perſon of that Prince, and contrived the Matter ſo as to be able to clear himſelf, in caſe he ſhould be accuſed of aiming at the Government. *Caſaubon* obſerves alſo, that this Satire was compoſed before *Nero* had diſcovered all his ill Nature. *Cujus* (Satiræ quartæ) *etſi præcipuus erat ſcopus in Neronem invehi, atque ipſum ſatirico ſale deſcribere——ſic tamen poëta in hoc argumento indignationi ſuæ habenas laxavit, ut neque palam neque plenis velis in flagitioſiſſimum principem inveheretur, verum tectè & longè mollius quam vel natura ipſius ferebat, vel Neronis flagitia ac ſcelera merebantur. Nos autem putamus tum ſcriptam eſſe hanc ſatiram cum nondum totus innotuerat Nero, cujus principium laude digna habuit multa——Probè verò norat Perſius cum ad hanc ſatiram ſcribendam ſe accingeret, quantam rem & quàm periculoſam moliretur. Quamobrem conſilio prudentiſſimo hoc argumentum Platonis imitatione ſibi tractandum cenſuit, non ſolum nominibus inde petitis, ſed etiam ſententia propemodum univerſa; ut ſi*

quis

quis forte Corycæus ut Cercops nomen ipsius deferret, probabili excusatione posset factum suum defendere quasi exercendi tantum stili causa petitum è libris summi philosophi argumentum latinis versibus tentasset complecti. Quare etiam ab omnibus illum videmus abstinuisse, quæ Neronis personam propriè erant denotatura.——Is it not surprizing, that a Man who was of that Opinion, should believe that *Persius* durst ridicule *Nero*'s Verses, and quote them Word for Word without any Disguise? Perhaps it will be answered, that he was not much concerned for his Character as a Poet. But one must have strong Proofs of this, or else not mention it; for every one is commonly fond of his own Poetry. The Crown and Scepter do not cure a Man of that Fault, and we are particularly informed that *Nero* was more sensibly affected with the Censures of his Music, than with that of his Crimes; which is a sufficient Reason for one to believe, that as a Poet he could not bear to be reflected upon, *Nibil æque doluit, quam ut malum se citharœdum increpitum. Suet. in Nerone cap.* XLI. Did not he banish *Cornutus*, and had like to have put him to death, for having dared to say that *Nero* would make too many Verses if he composed four hundred Books of them, and that the Example of *Chrysippus* should not be alledged in the Case, seeing the Books of that Philosopher were useful to human Life? Was not he jealous of the Poet *Lucan*, and did not he forbid him to make any Verses? *Lucanum propriæ causæ accendebat, quod famam carminum ejus premebat* Nero, *prohibueratque ostentare, vanus adsimulatione, Id. ib. & Tacit. Ann. lib.* XV. *cap.* XLIX. At which *Lucan* was so exasperated, that he joined with the Conspirators, who endeavoured to kill *Nero*.

I should never have done, if I undertook to quote all the Authors who believed that the four Verses so cruelly ridiculed by *Persius*, were wrote by *Nero*. I shall only cite the Notes which have been added to the new Translation of *Petronius Pag.* 24. *Tom. I. of the Dutch Edition* 1694. *It has been lawful in all Ages to criticise paltry Performances, when*

when they are published. The defects of the Mind may be censured every where, and this Liberty is as ancient as the World. The Torva &c. *which we read in* Juvenal, *(he should have said* Persius) *shews that* Nero *himself, notwithstanding his Cruelty, was not offended at it, and never thought of treating as Enemies to the State, those who criticised his Works. He was only angry at those who made Verses better than he.*

Note, That the Life of *Persius*, written by *Suetonius* as it is thought, does not tell us that the *Torva Mimalloneis* had any Relation to *Nero*. He gives no other Example of the Liberty that Poet took to criticise him, than those Verses concerning *Mida rex*, which *Cornutus* made him correct. There is then only one Witness of the *Torva Mimalloneis*, *viz.* the old Scholiast upon *Persius*. An English Author, *viz. John Bond*, who wrote learned Notes upon the Satires of that Poet, does not say positively, like a great many others, that *Nero* was the Author of the four Verses in Question: *Sive à Nerone* (says he) *in Pers. Sat.* I. *pag. m.* 24. *sive ab alio quopiam nobili Romano composita.* M. *Marais* pointed me out this Passage of the English Commentator, and also says that M. *Geffrier*, who published a French Translation or Paraphrase of *Persius* at *Paris* in 1658, affirms that these four Verses were certainly *Nero*'s.

(G) He died at twenty eight Years of Age.] This appears from the Consulships of his Birth and Death. He was born the fourth of December, *Fabio Persico, L. Vitellio Cos.* and died the twenty-fourth of November, *Rubrio Mario, Asinio Gallo Cos.* Now there being but twenty-eight Years between these two Consulships, it follows that *Persius* lived just so many Years, within a few Days. Therefore the Author of his Life has reckoned very ill, when after having fixed the Day and Year of his Birth and Death with so much Exactness, he places his Death in the thirtieth Year of his Age. St. *Jerom*'s Mistake is not so great, tho' he is not so exact as he ought to be. He says that *Persius* was born in the

second Year of the two hundred and third Olympiad, and died in the twenty-ninth Year of his Age, in the second of the two hundred and tenth Olympiad; which cannot be true, but by reckoning his Birth to happen in the first Months of the Year, and his Death some Months later. But besides that St. *Jerome* makes no such Distinction, we have seen that *Persius* was born in December, and died in November. I am more surprized at *Scaliger*'s acquiescing in St. *Jerome*'s Computation, than even at St. *Jerome*'s Mistake. *Scaliger* finds that St. *Jerome* was in the right to reckon twenty-nine Years from the Number two thousand and fifty to the Number two thousand and seventy-eight. He also finds twenty-nine Years between the two above-mentioned Consulships; but he had done better if he had computed only twenty-eight. The first of those Consulships fell in the Year of Christ 34, the twentieth of *Tiberius*, and the seven hundred and eighty-sixth of *Rome*; the other in the Year of Christ 62, the eighth of *Nero*, and the eight hundred and fourteenth of *Rome*. This is according to the Chronology of *Calvisius*. *Moreri* is not at all exact in this Point. He places the Birth of *Persius* at the End of the Year of *Christ* 32, and his Death, *when he was twenty-nine Years of Age, in the ninth of the Reign of* Nero, *and the* 62 *of Christ*. In order to do this with some shew of Reason, he ought to have added, that he died in the Beginning of the sixty-second Year of the Christian Æra; but this would have been a Falsehood, because he died on the twenty-fourth of November. It is certain then, according to *Moreri*'s Computation, that when *Persius* died he was near thirty Years of Age. Besides, according to *Moreri*, the Year 32 of Christ answers to the eighteenth of *Tiberius*; but it is certain that from the eighteenth of *Tiberius* to the ninth of *Nero* were thirty-one Years: so that it would follow that *Persius* died when he was thirty-one Years of Age. The Dutch Edition places his Death in the Year 26 of Christ. But this Mistake is owing to a Transposition of Numbers, a Mistake but too

too common among Printers. *Auguſtine Oldoini* has committed ſome childiſh Blunders in his Computation of the Age of *Perſius*. He makes him to have been born in the Year of *Rome* 795, and to have died at the Age of thirty-three, in the ninth Year of the Reign of *Nero*. He alledges that the time of his Birth anſwers to the two hundred and third Olympiad, and to the twenty-ſecond Year of the Reign of *Tiberius*; *Athen. Liguſt. pag.* 80, 81. If you conſult *Calviſius*, you will find that the firſt Year of the two hundred and third Olympiad is the 785th of *Rome*, that the ninth Year of *Nero* is the 815th of *Rome*, and that there are but twenty eight Years between the twenty-ſecond of *Tiberius*, and the ninth of *Nero*.

I am informed by a Letter from M. *Marais*, that M. *Geſtrier* places the Death of *Perſius* in the two hundred and third Olympiad, in the Year of *Rome* ſeven hundred and twenty five, and in the twenty ſecond Year of *Tiberius*'s Reign.

(H) Whatever his Panegyriſts may ſay——he wrote obſcurely.] Among the number of thoſe I reckon *Iſaac Caſaubon*. I grant that the Praiſes which he beſtows upon *Perſius* are not ſo pure as thoſe of *Quintilian* and *Martial*; for he intermixes with them ſome Cenſures. But after all he acknowledges that *Perſius* had a great deal of Merit and Parts, and enters the Liſts on his Account againſt the great *Julius Scaliger*; tho' at the ſame Time he humbles himſelf with great Reſpect at the Foot of the Throne of that formidable Antagoniſt. I ſhall only mention that Part of the Diſpute which relates to the Obſcurity of our Poet's Writings. I have often (ſays *Caſaubon*) been ſurpriſed to find *Perſius* charged with Obſcurity by *Scaliger*, a Man to whom nothing was obſcure. But he ſeems to me to fall into that Sophiſm which *Logicians* call *Ignorationem elenchi*, miſtaking the Queſtion, and which is not leſs common among Critics than Philoſophers. *Scaliger* does not pretend that *Perſius* was obſcure to him. On the contrary, he declared that he underſtood him from Beginning to End. He only ſays that formerly that Poet

was claſſed in the Number of Things unknown, and charges him with Impertinency for having written to be read, and not to be underſtood. He almoſt inſults him, becauſe his Interpreters had fruſtrated his Expectation, by diſſipating the Darkneſs which he had purpoſely thrown over his Writings, in order to be eternally buried in it, and eternally admired by Fools. *Jul. Scaliger. Poëtic lib.* vi. *cap.* vi. *pag. m.* 773. See alſo, *lib.* iii. *Cap.* xcvii. *pag.* 343.

Omnia enim ſtolidi magis admirantur amantque
Inverſis quæ ſub verbis latitantia cernunt,

Lucret. Lib. I. *ver.* 642.

The Encomiums which *Quintilian* and *Martial* beſtowed upon him, put me in mind of thoſe which are beſtowed upon two of our *French* Poets. *It is not the Quantity of an Author's Works which renders him immortal; we have* Perſius *tranſmitted to us in two Sheets of Paper. The Abbot de* Ceriſi *will live longer only by his Metamorphoſis of* Phillis's *Eyes into Stars, than many Authors who take up a great deal of Room in our Libraries. And the Temple of Death will more eaſily overcome the Rigour of Time, than the ſix hundred Volumes of the Biſhop of Bellay.* This agrees pretty well with the two Latin Verſes:

Sæpius in libro memoratur Perſius uno,
Quam levis in tota Marſus Amazonide.

Martial. Epigr. xxix. *lib.* iv.

And with theſe Words of *Quintilian*, *Multum & veræ gloriæ quamvis uno libro Perſius meruit, Quintil. lib.* x. *cap.* i.

(I) He might almoſt be ſtiled the Lycophron *of the Latins.*] In the firſt Tome of the *Conferences du Bureau d'Adreſſe*, the Author ſays, that the Senſe of the obſcure Volumes of the Talmudiſts *is ſo little known to us out of Envy to their Succeſſors, that their Books might be cut and tore more juſtly than the Satires of* Perſius *were by a Father of the Church, who ſaid that ſince he could not be underſtood by the outſide like other Writers, he would ſee whether he was more intelligible within.* The following Paſſage is another Inſtance where *Lycophron* and *Perſius* are claſſed together. *For my Part I think that* Trithemius's *Book ought to be*

ſaw'n

sinum in two, as somebody formerly served the Cassandra of Lycophron, *in order to discover what there was within it, since nothing could be known of it by the Outside. Or as it is reported of St.* Jerome, *having done the like by* Persius's *Satires, whose Riddles and Obscurities being unable to comprehend, intellecturis ignibus ille dedit, Ex Ovidio Trist. lib.* iv. *Eleg.* x. This last Story, as well as the others, ought to be very well warranted; for I see that *Casaubon* relies upon St. *Jerome*'s Testimony, to refute those who censured *Persius, Certe aliud Quintilianus judicabat cum veræ laude dignum pronunciaret, aliud Hieronymus cum disertissimum satiricum vocaret. Casaub. ubi supra.*

Here is still another Observation which *M. Marais* has furnished me with. The Panegyric contained in *Bond*'s Commentary, is to be found in a Place where no body would look for it, *viz.* in the Preface to the *Aloisiæ Sigeæ Toletanæ Satyra Sotadica.* The Words which contain that Panegyric, contain at the same Time a Description of *Persius*'s Obscurity: *Gratuleris tibi, Aule Persi. Obvolvisti te ipse cæca nocte, videri nolebas, altam versibus & versuum sensibus profudisti caliginem. Nolebas intelligi: forte & tu te non intelligebas. Non fecerunt ad te nox & caligo ut exerraret, Johannes Bond, venit, vidit, discussit noctem et caliginem. Perspectum id omne habet, ut tute loqueris, quod latet arcanâ non enarrabile fibrâ. Eripuit tibi te neganti conspectum. Latebas intra te, ne te curiosa et erudita invenerit sagacitas. Eras ipse involucrum tibi. Quis vero fuit furor ille tuus?* This Commentary of *Bond* upon *Persius* was printed a Year after the Author's Death, under the Care of his Son-in-law, *Roger Prowse.* I have the *London* Edition published in 1614. If it be the first, and I fancy it is, we may hence know that *Bond* died in the Year 1613. The *Diarium* of Mr. *Witt* says nothing of it.

(K) The Rigour of the Times in which he lived can be no Excuse for the Obscurity of his Stile.] I am sorry I cannot be of the same Opinion with the Author of the Preface, who has furnished me with two Passages, the Reading of which is so agreeable. *I know very well,* says he, in the Epistle

Epiſtle prefixed to Father *Tarteron*'s Tranſlation, *that* Perſius *is not at firſt very intelligible, and that he might have expreſſed himſelf more clearly. But how durſt he do it in the Reign of* Nero? *He was a terrible Tyrant, and could not bear a Jeſt. And becauſe he had more Reaſon than any Body elſe to apply to himſelf whatever was ſharp or poignant in a Satire, provided there was the leaſt Foundation for it, I am not at all ſurprized to ſee, that* Perſius *has affected to be ænigmatical and myſterious. Therefore when* Julius Scaliger *called him a feveriſh Scholar, it is probable he did not mind what he ſaid; but I am ſure that this proud and formidable Critic, would have been ſeized with violent Tremblings and Agitations at the very Sight of* Nero. *I cannot help admiring the Boldneſs of* Perſius *in venturing once to ridicule that Emperor; for the Words* Auriculas aſini Mida rex habet, *directly pointed at him. It would have ruined* Perſius *if the wiſe and prudent* Cornutus *had not ſuppreſſed the proper Name, and ſubſtituted in its place a Word equally applicable to all Mankind. Nay I cannot conceive how that Philoſopher, who was afterwards baniſhed by the Tyrant, becauſe he could not in Conſcience approve the Deſign of his Poem, ſhould ſuffer his Pupil to expoſe himſelf, by producing with a malicious Intent, the* Torva mimalloneis &c. *as a Model of moſt excellent Verſes.* I ſhall only make two Obſervations on that Paſſage.

I. It is evident to all who read *Perſius* with Attention, that he is obſcure not out of Policy, but from Taſte, and the particular Turn of his Genius; for if the Fear of bringing himſelf into Trouble at Court, had engaged him to cover his Thoughts with obſcure Metaphors, he would have done it in thoſe Things only which had ſome relation to the Life of the Tyrant. But we ſee that he twiſts his Words, and has Recourſe to Alluſions and ænigmatical Figures, even when he intends to inſinuate only a moral Maxim, the cleareſt Explication whereof could not have afforded *Nero* the leaſt Pretence for being angry with him. I ſhall not be at the Pains of giving any Examples of this; but refer my Readers to the Satires

Satires themselves of that Poet, which make but a little Book, where every one may satisfy himself in a very short time, whether I am in the right, or not. But if any one chuses rather to spare himself this Trouble, and refer himself to the Judgment of a learned Critic, he needs go no further to satisfy himself. The Sentence runs thus, *Obscuritatis hujus diversas afferre causas possumus, easque certissimas: in auctore sunt aliquæ, aliæ extra illum, quædam in interpretibus. Non negabo perobscura quædam esse in quarta, prima quoque: sed poëtæ facilè ignosco, cum cogito crudelissimi et* φονικωτάτου *tyranni, in quem illa erant, metu, de industria atramenti sepiarum aliquid esse affusum: neque dubito sapientissimum præceptorum Cornutum scribenti adfuisse, qui vetus verbum crebrò illi insusurraret,* Σκότεσον . . . . *Cum scribit idem* βιογράφος, *verecundiæ virginalis partheniam nostrum fuisse, aliud agens causam nos docet cur ille locu tenebricose fuerit tractatus, cui vix alius toto libro obscuritate par, obscœnitate similis nullus,* περικοπὴν *illam dico è quarta.* At si unctus cesses. *Etiam illud ultrò concedimus, nonnulla* Persii *loca tropis parum usitatis et audacioribus esse offuscata, hujus quoque non culpam, sed causam, ita enim dicere æquius, ingenio poëtæ assignamus: quod cùm esset magnum, magna sectabatur, Casaub. in Prolegomenis ad Pers. fol. m. ei j. Fuit præterea* Flaccus *noster* οὐ φιλόμυθός πως, *sed amans brevitatis: quæ res obscuriorem est ubi illum reddit, Ibid. fol. e i i j. . . .* These are the four Sources of the Obscurity of *Persius*, according to *Casaubon*. I. He was afraid of *Nero*. II. He was modest. III. He had a great Genius. IV. He loved Brevity. Ought these four Causes to be reduced to the first, as they have done in the Preface to the new Translation?

II. After having said that *Persius* had explained himself obscurely, because he was afraid of *Nero*, It ought not to be supposed that the *Torva mimalloneis &c.* were that Prince's Verses. It is not sufficient to say, that one cannot comprehend how *Cornutus* permitted it, we may say positively that he would not have consented to it, and

and that *Perſius* had no Need of a Corrector. Otherwiſe this will be a monſtruous Abſurdity, and ſeems to ſurpaſs all the Caprices and Extravagances that the Mind of Man is capable of.

(L) Some Italian *Genealogiſts pretend that the* Falconcini *Family of* Volterra *derive their Original from his Father.*] *Francis Stelluti* makes uſe of this Reaſon to prove that *Perſius* was of *Volterra.* They have it, ſays he, by Tradition, that the *Falconcini* Family is deſcended from *Flaccus*, a *Roman* Knight, the Father of *Perſius*; which is the more likely to be true, as the Name of *Perſius* is preſerved in that Family, and has conſtantly been found in it for above three hundred Years. But to this it is anſwered, that *Perſius* had neither Brother, nor Children; that the Sirname of *Flaccus* was to be found in ſeveral Cities of *Italy*; and that the noble and illuſtrious Family of *Perſius* has been eſtabliſhed in *Genoa* above four hundred Years. See the abovementiond Diſſertation of *Gaſpara Maſſa. Hippolitus Landinelli* ſays, that they ſtill ſhew at *Volterra*, a Houſe which is ſuppoſed to have been that of *Perſius.*

ERRORS of the PRESS.

LATIN.

Pag.	Ver.	
38	90	*Verùm*, leg. *Verum.*
39	99	*Bombis?* leg. *Bombis*;

ENGLISH.

19	197	for *Art* r. *Heart.*
43	23	for *Plow?* r. *Plow!*
101	43	At the End add a Comma.
117	298	for *Brain.* r. *Brain,*
143	85	for *made,* r. *made.*

In the LIFE.

1 for *Polemon* r. *Palæmon*
4 for *his Friend* r. *this Friend.* He
15 *Deſpicare* leg. *defricare*
16 *Accendebat,* leg. *Accendebant.*

THE SIX SATIRES OF PERSIUS.

THE
BRAHMAN
OF
BENARES

THE PROLOGUE TO THE FIRST SATIRE.

NEVER did *I* ſo much as ſip,
Or wet with *Hippocrene* a Lip;
I never dream'd, one ſingle Night,
Upon *Parnaſſus'* forked Height;
(Or if I did ſo, do not know it)
To make me thus ſtart up a Poet.

No; my Pretenſions to the *Nine*,
And pale *Pirene*, *I* reſign;
Reſign to thoſe, whoſe better Claim
Stands witneſs'd by approving Fame;

By ſacred Statues, plac'd around,
With twining Wreaths of Ivy crown'd?

Theſe rude, unpoliſh'd Strains of mine,
I, at *Apollo*'s hallow'd Shrine,
Lay humbly, unpreſuming, down;
I, half a Poet, half a Clown.

Who taught the Pie's or Parrot's Throat,
To emulate the human Note?
Thoſe Sounds which Nature had deny'd,
Ingenious Want, to both, ſupply'd.
Ingenious Want, in Nature's Spite,
Taught *them* to ſpeak—And *me* to write.

Nay, hang but Lure enough in View,
And *they* ſhall ſtrait turn Poets, too:
Ev'n Crows and Pies ſhall chatter Verſe,
And like their Brother-Bards, rehearſe.

THE

ARGUMENT.

WE may ſuppoſe the Author to be juſt ſeated in his Study, and beginning to vent his Indignation in Satire. At this very Juncture, comes in an Acquaintance, who, upon hearing the firſt Line, diſſuades him, by all Means, from an Undertaking ſo perilous; adviſing him rather, if he needs muſt write, to accommodate his Vein to the Taſte of the Times, and to write like other People.

PERSIUS *acknowledges that this, indeed, were the readieſt Method to gain Countenance and Applauſe; but then adds, that the Approbation of ſuch Patrons as this Compliance would recommend him to, was a Thing to be deſired, on no Terms at all; much leſs, upon Terms ſo ſhameful.*

AFTER *this, he takes Occaſion to expoſe the wretched Taſte that prevailed then at* Rome, *both in their Verſe and Proſe; and informs us what abominable Stuff*

their noble Poetaſters not only ſcribbled themſelves, but encouraged in others. Of theſe their miſerable Attempts in the Way of Poetry, the Author exhibits to us a ſmall Specimen: At the ſame Time lamenting, that he dares not ſpeak out with the Freedom allowable in former Times, and practiſed by his Predeceſſors in Satire, Lucilius *and* Horace. *He then concludes, expreſſing a generous Diſdain for all worthleſs Blockheads whatever: The only Readers whoſe Applauſe he covets, muſt be Men of Virtue, and Men of Senſe.*

THE

THE FIRST SATIRE OF *PERSIUS.*

PERSIUS. MONITOR.

P. VAin Cares of Man! all earthly Things how vain!

M. Good Heav'ns! Who'll read this canting, preaching Strain?

P. Speak'ſt thou to *me?* Not one, i'faith, not one.

M. Yes, two perhaps, or — *P.* None, moſt likely, none.

M. The Caſe is piteous — *P.* Why a piteous Caſe? }5

Polydamas forſooth, and all the Race }

Of Maſter-Miſſes, join in my Diſgrace!

Ver. 6. Polydamas *forſooth!*] He means here *Nero* and his Minions; alluding to a Paſſage in a Speech of *Hector's*. Hom. Iliad. B. XXII. V. 100 and 105.

Admit they do, need *I* for this repine,
That such e'en *Labeo*'s Page prefer to mine?
Ridiculous! If muddy-headed *Rome*
Condemn our Wit, muſt we abide the Doom?
Stand to th' Award of an ill-judging Town?
And by their falſer Scale, adjuſt our own?
No, no; for *others* Judgments aſk no more:
To know thy ſelf, thy ſelf alone explore.

For who at *Rome* is not a —? Might I ſay,
O might I mention what! — But ſure I may.
For ſee what Toys, their ſenſeleſs Lives engage,
From playful Childhood up to reverend Age!
Yet mark the ſolemn Cheat, the ſage Grimace!
Cenſorian Beard, Severity of Face!
Viewing theſe hoary Fools, enrag'd I glow:
Out, out it muſt—You muſt excuſe me. *M.* No.

Ver. 9. Labeo's *Page*] *Attius Labeo* was a Court-Scribler, who made a literal and wretched Tranſlation of ſeveral Books of Homer's Iliad into *Latin*. See Verſe 115 and 272.

Ver. 14. *No, no; for others Judgments*] This is ſpoken conformably to that Principle of the Stoic Philoſophy, which maintained that a wiſe Man ſhould not make other People's Opinion, but his own right Reaſon only, his Rule of Action.

P. But

P. But my unruly Spleen with Laughter ſwells:
What muſt I do, when Nature thus rebels?

M. What muſt you do? The ſame that others do:
Obſerve the Courſe our other Bards purſue.
Pent in their lonely Studies, they compoſe,
Some, meaſur'd Numbers, *ſome*, unfetter'd Proſe:
But, be it Proſe or Numbers, all they write
Is quite *ſublime*. *P.* Sublime, no doubt on't, quite!
Alike ſublime: For ſee, from firſt to laſt,
The Proſe is Fuſtian, and the Verſe Bombaſt!
It's Author too, alike, the heavy Load
Puffs from his huge, rehearſing Lungs, abroad.
And lo the promis'd Day! At length, 'tis here:
New-cloath'd, new-powder'd, ſee the *Wit* appear!
A finiſh'd Beau, forſooth, behold him ſtand,
A Birth-Day Jewel ſparkling on his Hand!
A ſoft'ning Gargle tunes his warbling Throat,
And fits the varying Pipe for every Note.
A Deſk, rais'd high, the liſtening Throng controlls;
He mounts, and cuts the melting Poem rolls.

His

His Eye, a Comment to his Senſe affords;
And adds laſcivious Looks, to luſcious Words.

Theſe are the Means, the ſhameful Means! that pleaſe:
Rome's very Nobles own the Power of theſe.
Soon as the lewd, the luſt-provoking Line
(Aſſiſted by the ſoft, ſalacious Whine)
Shoots thro' the Bones it's prurient Influence,
And wakes the tickled Marrow's inmoſt Senſe;
Lo, how they all a wriggling Joy confeſs,
And vile Applauſe, in broken Sounds, expreſs!

What! at this Age, with theſe grey reverend Hairs,
Turn'ſt thou a Pander to ſuch Ears as theirs?
Theirs! at whoſe glutting Praiſe, ev'n thou wou'dſt cry,
Forbear! Forbear! or elſe I burſt, I die.

" Well but, *(ſay you)* what Uſe does Science yield,
" If in the parent Mind it lie conceal'd?
" If there the Leaven ſwell, in vain, for Vent,
" If there the barren Fig-tree ſtill be pent?

O Men!

O Men! O Manners! toils thy dotard Head,
Reſigns thy Cheek, for this, it's healthful Red?
Muſt then the Pageant, Knowledge, needs be ſhown?
Uſeleſs to thee, unleſs to others known.

" O but the pointing Finger who can ſee,
" Who hear, uncharm'd, the Whiſper, *there, that's he?*

Nay more, the beauiſh Sons of *Rome* rehearſe,
Their Tutors teach, the Beauties of your Verſe:
And is it Nothing, Nothing, to become
A Leſſon, to the beauiſh Sons of *Rome?*

Lo next, our Surfeit-Sots, call, o'er their Wine,
To hear the Labours of a Bard divine.
Come, the Productions of ſome Heavenly Muſe,
Who can repeat? *cry they* — And what enſues?
Why one, or other, of the purple Beaus,
A nauſeous Preface ſnuffles thro' the Noſe;
Some old, ſome ſad old Tale, then forth he whines,
Made ſadder ſtill by lamentable Lines.

Tells how *Hypſipile* a Captive ſigh'd,
Or how poor fond deſerted *Phyllis* died.
Some ſuch trite Ditty, his refining Throat
Fritters; and melts and minces every Note.

All hear attentive: and, to crown the End,
All, gracious Nods of Approbation lend.

O happy Author! thou art ſure at reſt;
Thy Aſhes, after this, muſt needs be bleſt!
Thy Tomb, no doubt! the monumental Stones,
Muſt, after this, lie lighter on thy Bones!

But Approbation only, will not do:
Behold, Applauſes are thy Portion too!
The Gueſts all ring thy Praiſe—Thrice happy thou!
Feel not thy Manes Joys exceſſive, now?
Now, raiſe not Violets, from thy Duſt their Head,
And proudly make thy precious Urn their Bed?

" O Sir *(ſays one)* your Worſhip's pleas'd to ſneer,
" (That Noſe informs us) but you need not here.

" For

" For breaths there be, ſo ſtupid to diſclaim
" The Praiſe of Men, the general Voice of Fame?
" When ſuch his Labours, ſuch his ſacred Page,
" As Cedar's Juice ſhould vindicate from Age;
" Should bid to lateſt Times, unſoil'd endure;
" Of Grocers, fearleſs; and of Cooks, ſecure?"

Whoe'er thou art, to whom, ſo lately, I
Aſſign'd th' Opponent's Part, take this Reply.

If in my Writings, by ſome lucky Hit,
(Luck it muſt be) I deviate into Wit;
Know, then, howe'er I ſcorn Applauſe undue,
Then, I can Praiſe accept — Approve it too.
To Glory's Charms, not callous is my Heart,
Such Glory, as reſults from true Deſert.
But that theſe Eulogies of Fools, ſhou'd be
The final Aim — to that, I can't agree.

Ver. 101. *As Cedar's Juice*] Bookſellers, to preſerve their valuable Books from growing mouldy, or Worm-eaten, rubbed them over with the Liquor that diſtilled from the Cedar Tree. See Pliny, B. 13. C. 13.

For

For ſift (I beg) all this their mighty Praiſe:
Includes it not ev'n *Labeo*'s paltry Lays?
His very *Iliad?* and each ſuſtian Strain
Teem'd in that purg'd, helleborated Brain?
Includes it not our Noble Sonnetteers,
Whoſe Flux of Elegy infeſts our Ears?
Nay, all the Traſh that trickles from the Heads
Of glutted Fops, who loll on Citron Beds?

Yes, this forſooth! is Fame, the Jewel ſought:
Yes, and (what's worſe) this too is meerly bought.
You know to bribe, to ſpread the ſmoaking Treat;
The grateful Gueſt returns you Fame for Meat.
You know to buy the ſhuddering Poet's Vote,
(An eaſy Purchaſe) with a thread-bare Coat.

"Now Sirs, *(cry you)* I honour Truth—be free—
"How is my Verſe?—Speak Truth, howe'er it be."

Ver. 117. *helleborated Brain?*] The Ancients made uſe of Hellebore, not only when they were diſordered, but oftentimes too in ſound Health, purely to quicken the Apprehenſion. See *Pliny*, B. XXV. C. 5.

They,

They, poor Dependants! are oblig'd to lie;
They ſpeak! No, no, *they* dare not—but ſhall *I*?
Truſt me, bald Trifler! worſe was never writ:
Thou! with that Mountain Paunch, aim'ſt *thou* at Wit?

Thrice happy *Janus*, bleſt with Face behind!
He to no flouting poſtern Jeers is blind:
He no crook'd Finger, no ſplay Mouth he fears;
No Length of lolling Tongue, or Aſſes Ears.
But you, *Patricians!* doom'd to *ſingle* Face,
Fear *you* the Tongue behind, that lolls Diſgrace.

"*What ſay the Town?*"——O dear Sir, can they ſay
Other than This? And this, beſure, they may:
"Verſe to its laſt Perfection you have brought,
"In liquid Flow conveying gentle Thought.
"Each poliſh'd Part, is ſo exactly join'd,
"That where they meet no curious Nail can find.

Ver. 145. *No curious Nail*] It is uſual with Artificers to run the Nail of their Finger along their Work; making it thereby a Teſt of the Aſperity or Smoothneſs of the Marble, or other Matter, which they have undertaken to poliſh. *Hor.* Art of Poetry, V. 294.

" Each Verse is drawn so strait, so smooth, so fine,
" Why sure you shut one Eye, and work by Line!
" Whether you touch the *Humours* of the Age,
" Or paint the People's *Vice*, or Tyrant's *Rage*,
" True Genius still inspires the mighty Page!"

Each Youngster now (behold!) attempts to write,
And in Heroics wings his airy Flight;
Every raw Thing, and each pin-feather'd Fool,
Who left but Yesterday his *Greek* and School;
Below the lowest Theme; unblest with Skill
To paint or *waving Grove*, or *purling Rill*.

Sings he the *Country*'s copious Scenes? — his Lay
Recounts its *Chimnies*, *Panniers*, *Hogs*, and *Hay*.

Ver. 148. *Humours,—Vice,—Rage*] That is, whether you write Comedy, Satire, or Tragedy. The Author describes here the several Kinds of Poetry, by mentioning the different Objects that each is conversant about.

Ver. 158. *Recounts its Chimnies, Panniers,*] *Persius*, in this Passage, glances at some contemporary Poetaster, or other, who, in a Poem upon the Pleasures of a *Country Life*, had been very particular and tedious upon the Circumstances here recited. See *Casaub-*

" *Remus*

" *Remus* of old (adds he) was ſuckled *here*;
" *Here* did'ſt thou, * *Quintus*, drive the labouring Steer:
" *Here* thy Good-Woman, in the furrow'd Track,
" Trembling array'd her new Dictator's Back;
" And laſt, the Lictor carry'd home thy Plow."
—— Are not theſe hopeful Sparks for *Epic*, now?

But let bad *Writers* ſcribble as they will,
Some *Readers*, bad as they, admire them ſtill.
That puffy Offspring of old *Accius*' Head,
Briſeis' ſelf, by one at leaſt is read.
Numbers adore *Pacuvius*' knotty Line,
And ſwear *Antiopa* is all divine.
" *Whoſe Sighs, like Pillars, propping every Part,*
" *Buttreſs'd her ſinking, dolorific, Heart.*"

Now, when each blear-ey'd Dunce theſe noxious Seeds
Sows in young Minds, and nurtures up the Weeds;

* i. e. *Quintus Cincinnatus*.

Ver. 171. *Whoſe Sighs, &c.*] Theſe two Verſes are the Tranſlation of a ridiculous Line, taken from a Poem of *Pacuvius*, entitled *Antiopa*.

Ask you from whence this motley Jargon ſprung,
Whoſe vile Contagion thus deforms our Tongue?
Ask you, whence came thoſe fulſome Points of Wit,
Which charm our Lordlings, and the beardleſs Pit?
Nay, which are urg'd as Arguments of Weight,
Where Life itſelf's the Queſtion in Debate.

Lo thy grey Head obnoxious to the Laws!
In Tropes and Figures, plead'ſt thou *ſuch* a Cauſe?
In *ſuch* a Junƈture, at thy Life's Expence,
Muſt thou be labouring for a *ſpruce* Defence?

"*Theft! Theft!* O *Pedius*, to thy Charge I lay."
Thus ſays th' *Accuſer.*—What will *Pedius* ſay?
The gentle *Pedius* places all his Hopes
In Points, in balanc'd Periods, and in Tropes.
"*How ſweet his Turns!*" the raptur'd Audience cry:
"*How choice his Figures!*"—How abſurd! ſay *I.*
Canſt thou, O *Roman!* then, ſubmit to pleaſe
By Arts? Such tickling, trifling Arts as theſe?

Say,

Say, ſhou'd the Ship-wreck'd Sailor *ſing* his Griefs,
Wou'd that prevail on *me*, to lend Relief?
The Tablet on your Back, expreſſes Woe;
Is this a Time to warble as you go?
He whoſe Complaints would bend my ſtubborn [redacted] Heart,
Muſt bring *me* Tears of *Nature*, not of *Art*.

M. Well, Sir, whatever Blemiſh taint our *Proſe*,
Our *Verſe*, you'll own, with ſweet Improvements flows.
Crude was the Poeſy of former Days,
But Oh! what Charms embelliſh *modern* Lays!

P. Thouſands, no Doubt! (thrice happy tinkling Times!)
Witneſs the Pauſe that *rhymes*, the Cloſe that *chimes*.

Ver. 195. *The Tablet on your Back*] Wretches who had ſuffered Ship-wreck, at the ſame Time that they went along the Streets, making a lamentable Recital of their Misfortunes, carried on their Shoulders (the more to move Pity and Compaſſion) a pictured Repreſentation of the Dangers, in which they had been concerned.

Ver. 204. *The Pauſe that rhymes*] *Caſaubon* obſerves, that in the ridiculous Verſes immediately following, we are particularly to remark the childiſh Affectation there is of Jingle, and of what we term *Monkiſh* or *Middle Rhyme*. To make the Ridiculouſneſs of them more apparent to an *Engliſh* Reader, they are tranſlated accordingly.

Witneſs thou, *Attys!* "Thou, whoſe lovely Eyes
"Cou'd ev'n ſurpriſe the Mother of the *Skies*."
Witneſs the Dolphin too, "who cleaves the Tides,
"And flouncing *rides* o'er *Nereus* Sea-green *Sides*."
Witneſs thou likewiſe, "*Hannibal* divine,
"Who of the long-ribb'd *Apennine* didſt bravely laſh
"the *Chine*."

M. What of theſe Lines, Sir? — If you can't admire 'um,
Grant me, at leaſt, they equal *Arma Virum*.
Nay *Virgil*'s ſure, are ſpungier ſtill than theſe;
His empty Lines! like Limbs of dodder'd Trees,
Puft up with fungous, fat Excreſcencies!

P. Theſe then are Samples of the *lofty* Vein:
Where next, I marvel, is the *tender* Strain?
Where is the gentle Lay, that muſt be read
With languid Accent, and inclining Head?

—Why

—Why doubtleſs, here — * " The Bacchanalian Crew
" Their wreath'd Horns *blew*, and after *Pentheus ſlew*.
" He, ſcornful Calf! it is *decreed*, muſt *bleed*;
" His Mother's angry Knife ſhall do the Deed.
" His Sifters, joining in the *Mænad* Band,
" With Ivy-armed *Hand* the Subject *Lynx* command,
" And *Evion* cry; 'tis *Evion* all around:
" Echo repairs, and babbles back the Sound."

But oh, if *Rome*'s old Manhood were not fled,
Cou'd ſuch Lines gender in a *Roman* Head?
Hold, I miſtake; 'tis in the Mouth they grow:
Mænas and *Attys*, like our Spittle flow.
Their Author thump'd no Deſk; no Finger bit:
His only Toil and Trouble, was — to ſpit.

Ver. 101. of the Original. * *Torva Mimelloneis*] Theſe and the preceding Verſes, *Berecyrthius Attin*, &c. have been almoſt univerſally ſuppoſed to be *Nero*'s own: but how unjuſtly, may be ſeen in Monſieur *Bayle*'s *Life of Perſius* here prefix'd.

Ver. 231. *Mænas* and *Attys*] The two Poems from whence the foregoing Quotations are taken.

Ver. 233. *His only Toil*] *Ben Johnſon* in a piece of his, which he

M. Pshaw, be their Poems, good, bad — What you will —

Nay, Sir, admit them despicably ill:
Must therefore *you*, your venom'd Verse employ?
Your biting Truths the courtly Ear annoy?
What End will this, this snappish Satire serve?
What can'st thou purpose, Friend!—unless to starve?
With Cold and Hunger, shivering wilt thou wait,
And barr'd for ever, find the Great Man's Gate.
How can'st thou less expect, in whose harsh Page
The currish *Letter* snarles perpetual Rage?

P. Adieu then, honest Muse! Write, they who care:
For *me*, let all that's black, at once be fair.

he calls an Apologetical Dialogue, seems to have an Eye to this Passage, as well as to another in our Author's Prologue.

" ——— They wou'd think it strange now,
" A Man should take but Colt's-foot for one Day,
" And, between whiles, spit out a better Poem,
" Than e'er the Master of Art, or Giver of Wit
" Their Belly made.

Ver. 243. R, is called the Dog's Letter; because the trembling Vibration of the Tongue in pronouncing it, resembles the Snarling of a Dog.

Me it concerns not. Henceforth every Libel,
Gods, how prodigious! Bleſs us, lewd divine!

" Sure the Reſolve *(ſay you)* is moſt diſcreet:
" Know while you live, your Diſtance with the *Great*;
" Their Doors are ſacred. Satirift, come not near,
" Lay not your excremental Libels *here!*

Paint then *(ſay I)* with due Inſcription round,
Paint then two Snakes: *This, Boys, is hallow'd Ground,*
Urine not here! Nought further need be done;
Inſtant, I vaniſh; in a Trice, am gone.

Yet cou'd *Lucilius* laſh a vicious Age;
Mutius and *Lupus* felt his grinding Rage.
Yet cou'd ſhrewd *Horace,* with diſportive Wit,
Rally his Friend, and tickle while he bit:
Winning Acceſs, he play'd around the Heart;
And gently touching, prick'd the tainted Part.

Ver. 253. *Paint then two Snakes*] The Ancients were uſed to denote the Sacredneſs of a Place, by the Repreſentation of *Serpents*; under the Shape of which Animals, they alſo characteriſed their Gods and Genii. For the Reaſon, ſee *L'Hiſtoire du Ciel*, Vol. I.

The Crowd he *fneer'd*; but ſneer'd with ſuch a Grace,
It paſs'd for down-right Innocence of Face.
May not *I whiſper* then? — Not any where?
No, not in private?—to a Ditch?—*M.* Not there.

P. Then *here* I'll bury, hide it *here* I muſt:
Take thou my *Book!* the Secret to thy Truſt.
I ſaw it, *I* myſelf—— * "King *Midas* wears
"A goodly royal Pair of Aſſes Ears."

This ſecret Sneer, this one Conceit of mine,
So meer a Nothing—wou'd not I reſign,
For all your Tomes, replete with courtly Wit;
For all the *Iliads*, that were ever writ.

* See *Dryd.* Fab. *The Wife of Bath.*

Ver. 122. of the Orig.—*Nullâ* tibi vendo
Iliade—

It has been doubted if the Word *nullâ* here, does not carry the Meaning farther than *Labeo*'s Iliad only; and if the Author does not deſign to expreſs in the ſtrongeſt Manner the Eſteem he has for his *Nothing*, by ſaying he would not exchange it for *any* Iliad, not even that of *Homer*'s. I rather agree with *Lubin*, who thinks the Poet would be underſtood to mean *Nero*'s Iliad. For *Nero*, as well as *Labeo*, had written a Poem on the Deſtruction of *Troy*: And as their Subject was the ſame, ſo was their Succeſs in treating it.

Thou then, whom bold *Cratinus*' Zeal inſpires,
And his free Line with generous Ardor fires!
Thou, who grow'ſt pale o'er *Eupolis*'s Rage;
Pale, o'er the * *mighty Maſter*'s drolling Page;
Come *hither* too!—If aught more mellow'd *here*,
If, haply, aught more-finiſh'd, ſtrike your Ear,
Let the rare Beauties win you to proceed;
O, let your Boſom kindle, as you read!

But as for *Him*, and ſuch like Things as *He*,
Who, plumes, and takes himſelf for *ſome-body*,
(Becauſe his Worſhip's Honour late is grown
Clerk of the Market, in ſome corporate Town;
Impower'd forſooth, in that exalted State,
To break ſmall Pints, and cenſure ſcanty Weight!)
Him, who with Scoffings (dull, and brutal too)
Can flout the *Græcian*'s philoſophic Shoe;

Ver. 274. *Eupolis—Cratinus—Ariſtophanes*] Theſe were Authors, who expoſed Perſons as well as Vices in their bare-faced Satire; and ridiculed the Chief Magiſtrates of the Commonwealth, by Name, upon the Stage.

* *Ariſtophanes.*

Can

Can mock the Blind; and has the Wit to cry
(Prodigious Wit!) "*Why Friend, you want an Eye!*"
From reading what *I* write, let *him* refrain!
Be nought *his* Portion—but my juſt Diſdain.

The ſame to *thee*, whoſe thick unfurniſh'd ſcull
Contemns all Science, faſhionably dull;
Derides the ſage Geometrician's Pains,
With all the Lines his learned Duſt contains:
And then, O then is moſt ſupremely bleſt,
When ſome wiſe Beard becomes a Strumpet's Jeſt:
Then moſt tranſporting Raptures feels within,
When the pert Wanton tugs the reverend Chin.

No, no; let *ſuch* mind this, and nothing more:
Let them, all Morning, conn the Play-Bills o'er;

Ver. 297. *his learned Duſt*] The Geometricians made their Demonſtrations upon Duſt, or ſanded Floors; to the End, that the Lines might with Eaſe be changed, and ſtruck out again at Pleaſure. As for the *Abacus*, or *Counting-Table*, the learned may pleaſe to refer to Mr. *Holiday*'s ſecond Note upon the ninth Sat. of *Juvenal*.

Then

Then dine: From Dinner, to Rehearſals run,

There, with *Calliroe*, waſte their After-Noon. 305

Ver. the laſt of the Orig. *His mane Edictum, poſt Prandia Calliroen do.*] Moſt Commentators think *Edictum* in this Place, means the Prætor's Edict; and that by *Calliroe*, we are to underſtand ſome Harlot of that Name. But *Marcilius*, with more Reaſon, takes *Edictum* (agreeably to the Phraſes, *Edictum Ludorum, Edictum muneris Gladiatorii, &c.*) to ſignify a Programma, a kind of Play-Bill, which was ſtuck up, as ours are, in a Morning; and *Calliroe* to be the Title of a Play, which (as the Bill we may ſuppoſe expreſſed) was to be rehearſed, in the After-noon.

Surely, the Decrees of the Prætor muſt have been Subjects too ſerious and rational for ſuch Gentlemen as *Perſius* is here directing himſelf to; and then *Calliroe*, I apprehend, ſhould ſeem to be the Name of a Poem, rather than of a Strumpet, becauſe this Satire is ſo particularly levelled againſt bad Authors and their wretched Productions.

The End of the Firſt SATIRE.

AULI PERSII FLACCI

SATIRÆ SEX.

PROLOGUS

AD

SATIRAM PRIMAM.

NEC Fonte Labra prolui Caballino:
Nec in bicipiti ſomniaſſe Parnaſſo
Memini; ut repentè fic Poeta prodirem.
Heliconidaſque, pallidamque Pirenen
Illis remitto, quorum Imagines lambunt
Hederæ ſequaces. Ipſe ſemipaganus
Ad ſacra Vatum Carmen affero noſtrum.

Quis expedivit Pſittaco ſuum χαῖρε?
Picaſque docuit Verba noſtra conari?

Magiſter

Magiſter Artis, Ingenîque Largitor
Vęnter, negatas artifex ſequi Voces.

Quòd ſi dolofi ſpes refulſerit Nummi,
Corvos Poetas, et Poetrias Picas,
Cantare credas Pegaſeium Mèlos.

SATIRA

SATIRA PRIMA.

PERSIUS. MONITOR.

P. O Curas Hominum! ô quantum eſt in Rebus Inane!
M. Quis leget hæc? *P.* Min' Tu iſtud ais? Nemo, Hercule, Nemo.
M. Vel Duo, vel — *P.* Nemo. *M.* Turpe et miſerabile.
P. Quare?
Ne mihi Polydamas et Troiades Labeonem
Prætulerint? Nugæ! — Non ſi quid turbida Roma
Elevet, accedas: Examenve improbum in iſtâ
Caſtiges Trutinâ: Ne Te quæſiveris extra.
Nam Romæ Quis non —? Ah, ſi fas dicere! Sed fas
Tunc, cum ad Canitiem, et noſtrum iſtud vivere triſte,
Aſpexi; et Nucibus facimus quæcunque relictis:
Cum ſapimus Patruos — tunc, tunc ignoſcite — *M.* Nolo.

P. Quid faciam? Sed ſum petulanti Splene Cachinno.
M. Scribimus inclusi, numeros Ille, Hic pede liber,
Grande aliquid — *P.* quod Pulmo animæ prælargus anhelet.

Scilicet hæc Populo, perusque Togaque recenti,
Et natalitia tandem cum Sardonyche albus,
Sede legis cessa, liquido cum Plasmate Guttur
Mobile collueris, patranti fractus Ocello.
Hic, neque More probo videas, neque Voce serenâ,
Ingentes trepidare Titos; cum Carmina Lumbum
Intrant, & tremulo scalpuntur ubi intima Versu.

Tun', Vetule, Auriculis alienis colligis Escas?
Auriculis! quibus et dicas Cute perditus, *Obe.*

" Quò didiciſſe, niſi hoc Fermentum, et quæ ſemel intus
" Innata eſt, rupto Jecore exierit caprificus?"

En pallor, Seniumque! O Mores, uſque adeone

Ver. 23.—*Cute perditus, Obe*] See *Dacier*'s Horace, Vol. VII. p. 284.

Scire

Scire tuum nihil eſt, niſi Te ſcire hoc ſciat alter!

" At pulchrum eſt, digitò monſtrâri, et dicier, *Hic eſt*.
" Ten' cirrhatorum centum Dictata fuiſſe,
" Pro Nihilo pendas?"—Ecce, inter pocula, quærunt
Romulidæ ſaturi, quid dià Poemata narrent!
Hic aliquis, cui circùm Humeros hyacinthina Lænâ eſt,
(Rancidulum quiddam balbâ de Naſe locutus)
Phyllidas, Hypſipylas, Vâtum & plorabile ſi quid,
Eliquat; & tenerò ſupplantat Verba Palato.

Aſſenſere Viri — Nunc non Cinis ille Poetæ
Felix? Nunc levior Cippus non imprimit Oſſa?
Laudant Convivæ — Nunc non e Manibus illis,
Nunc non e Tumulo, fortunataque Favillâ,
Naſcentur Violæ? Rides, *ait*, et nimis uncis
Naribus indulges: An erit Qui velle recuſet
Os Populi meruiſſe? et Cedro digna locutus,
Linquere nec Scombros metuentia Carmina, nec Thus?

Quiſquis es, ô modò quem ex adverſo dicere feci,

Non Ego, cum ſcribo, ſi fortè quid aptius exit,
(Quando hæc rara avis eſt, ſi quid tamen aptius exit)
Laudari metuam : Neque enim mihi cornea Fibra eſt.
Sed Recti Finemque Extremumque eſſe recuſo
Euge tuum et *Bellè*. Nam *Bellè* hoc excute totum :
Quid non intus habet ? Non hìc eſt Ilias Atti,
Ebria Veratro ? Non ſi qua Elegidia crudi
Dictarunt Proceres ? Non quicquid denique Lectis
Scribitur in citreis ?—Calidum ſcis ponere Sumen ;
Scis Comitem horridulum trita donare Lacernâ ;
Et Verum, inquis, amo ; Verum Mihi dicite de Me.

Qui pote ? Vis dicam ?—Nugaris, cum tibi, Calve,
Pinguis Aqualiculus propenſo ſeſquipede extet.

O *Jane*, a Tergo quem nulla ciconia pinſit,
Nec Manus Auriculas imitata eſt mobilis albas ;
Nec Linguæ, quantum ſitiat Canis Appula, tantum !
Vos, O patricius Sanguis, quos vivere fas eſt
Occipiti cœco, poſticæ occurrite Sannæ !

" Quis Populi Sermo eſt ?"—Quis enim, niſi Carmina molli

Nunc

Nunc demum Numero fluere, ut per læve ſeveros
Effundat Junctura Ungues? Scit tendere Verſum,
Non ſecus ac ſi Oculo Rubricam dirigat uno.
Sive Opus in Mores, in Luxum, in Prandia Regum,
Dicere Res grandes noſtro dat Muſa Poetæ.

Ecce, modò, heroas ſenſus afferre docemus
Nugari ſolitos Græcè; Nec ponere Lucum
Artifices; nec Rus ſaturum laudare; *Ubi Corbes*
Et Focus, et Porci, et fumoſa Palilia farno:
Unde Remus, ſulcoque terens Dentalia, Quinti,
Quum trepida ante Boves Dictatorem induit Uxor;
Et tua Aratra Domum Lictor tulit. — Euge, Poeta!

Eſt nunc, Briſæi quem venoſus Liber Acci;
Sunt quos Pacuviuſque, et verrucoſa moretur
Antiopa; " ærumnis Cor luctificabile fulta."

Hos Pueris Monitus, Patres infundere lippos
Cum videas, quæriſne unde hæc Sartago loquendi
Venerit in Linguas? Unde iſtud Dedecus, in quo

Trossulus exultat tibi per subsellia laevis?
Nilne pudet, Capiti non posse Pericula cano
Pellere, quin tepidum hoc optes audire, DECENTER?

Fur es, ait Pedio: Pedius quid? Crimina rasis
Librat in Antithetis: doctus posuisse Figuras
Laudatur. bellum hoc. — hoc bellum? An, Romule, ceves?
Men' moveat quippe, et, cantet si Naufragus, assem
Protulerim? Cantas, cum fracta Te in Trabe pictum
Ex Humero portes? Verum, nec nocte paratum
Plorabit, qui Me volet incurvasse Querelâ.

M. Sed *Numeris* Decor est, & Junctura addita crudis.
P. Claudere sic Versum didicit *Benecynthius Attin*,
Et qui cæruleum dirimebat Nerea Delphin:
Sic, *Costam longo subduximus Apennino.*

M. ARMA VIRUM, Nonne hoc spumosum, & Cortice pingui,
Ut Ramale vetus prægrandi subere coctum?

P. Quid-

P. Quidnam igitur tenerum, & laxa cervice legendum?

" *Torva Mimallonis implerunt Cornua Bombis,*

" *Et raptum Vitulæ Caput ablatura superbo*

" Baſſaris; *et Lyncem Mænas flexura Corymbis,*

" *Evion ingeminat: reparabilis adſonat Echo.*"

Hæc fierent, ſi Teſticuli Vena ulla paterni
Viveret in Nobis? Summa delumbe ſalivâ
Hoc natat in Labris; & in udo eſt Mænas & Attin;
Nec Pluteum cædit, nec demorſos ſapit ungues.

M. Sed quid opus teneras mordaci radere Vero
Auriculas? Vide ſis, ne Majorum Tibi fortè
Limina frigeſcant. Sonat hìc de Nare canina
Litera — *P.* Per me, Equidem, ſint omnia protinus alba;
Nil moror. Euge, omnes, omnes benè miræ eritis Res.
Hoc juvat; hic, inquis, veto quiſquam faxit oletum;
Pinge duos Angues: *Pueri, ſacer eſt Locus, extrà*
Meite: diſcedo. Secuit Lucilius urbem,
Te, Lupe, Te, Muti; & genuinum fregit in illis.

Omne vafer Vitium ridenti Flaccus Amico
Tangit; & admiſſus circum Præcordia ludit:
Callidus excuſſo Populum ſuſpendere Naſo.
Men' mutire Nefas? Nec clam, nec cum Scrobe? *M.*
Nuſquam.
P. Hìc tamen infodiam: Vidi, vidi Ipſe, *Libelle*; 120
" Auriculas Aſini Mida Rex habet—" Hoc Ego opertum,
Hoc ridere meum, tam nil, nulla Tibi vendo
Iliade.——Audaci Quicunque afflate Cratino,
Iratum Eupolidem, prægrandi cum Sene palles,
Aſpice & hæc. Si fortè aliquid decoctius audis, 125
Indè vaporata Lector mihi ferveat aure.
Non Hic, qui in Crepidas *Graiorum* ludere geſtit
Sordidus; & luſco qui poſſit dicere, *luſce:*
Seſe Aliquem credens, *Italo* quòd Honore ſupinus,
Fregerit Heminas *Areti* Ædilis iniquas. 130
Nec, Qui Abaco Numeros, & Secto in Pulvere Metas,
Scit riſiſſe vafer; multum gaudere paratus,
Si Cynico Barbam petulans *Nonaria* vellat.
His, Mane, Edictum; poſt Prandia, *Calliroen*, do.

Finis PRIMÆ SATIRÆ.

THE SECOND SATIRE OF *PERSIUS*,

Addreſſed to MACRINUS on his Birth-day.

The ARGUMENT.

AMONG the Romans, *it was uſual for one Friend to compliment Another, on his Birth-day, with ſome Sort of Preſent. Your Men of Letters (moſt of them, perhaps, having nothing they could ſpare ſo conveniently, as their Works) generally ſent, at theſe Times, ſome Piece or other of their own compoſing.*

ACCORDINGLY Perſius *here, upon the Birth-day of* Macrinus, *addreſſes to him this Satire.*

NOW *it being cuſtomary for the Native to pay his Devotions to the Gods, at ſuch Seaſons more particularly; the Poet*

Poet takes thence an Occaſion, firſt of commending the Purity of his Friend Macrinus *his Prayers; and then of expoſing the ſinful Deſigns of others, in the like Action.*

THROUGH *the whole, he gives us Inſtances either of Folly or Impiety: where the Petitions People made were unreaſonable and criminal, as the Meaſures taken for the Attainment of them, were abſurd and profane.*

THE *Ground of theſe Abuſes was this one miſtaken Point: Men imagined divine Beings were to be influenced like mortal Ones, by mercenary Motives; And then (in Conſequence of ſo groſs a Principle) thought to conciliate them by Preſents, and bribe them by Offerings. Whereas (ſays the Author) the Gods regard Nothing leſs:* They *look not for the Sacrifice of Coſt and Expence; but for the Sacrifice of a pure and undefiled Heart.*

THE *Subſtance of* Plato's *Dialogue upon Prayer (which doubtleſs gave Occaſion to this Satire of* Perſius) *may be found in the Spectator, N° 207.*

AGAIN, *Macrinus*, comes the genial Day,
(O note with whiter Stone, it's fairer Ray!)
Which, often as revolves the circling Sphere,
Adds to the paſt Account, another Year.

Go

Go then, obſervant of thy natal Hour,
Go, to thy *Genius* a Libation pour.
A plain Libation: for thou know'ſt to join
No Bribe unhallow'd, to a Prayer of thine.
Thine, which can every Ear's full Teſt abide;
Nor need be mutter'd to the Gods, aſide!
No, *Thou* aloud may'ſt thy Petitions truſt;
Thou need'ſt not whiſper, other Great-ones muſt.

For few, my Friend! few dare, like thee, be plain;
And Prayer's low Artifice, at Shrines, diſdain:
Few from their pious Mumblings dare depart,
And make Profeſſion of their inmoſt Heart.
"Keep me, indulgent Heaven! thro' Life, ſincere!
"Keep my Mind ſound! my Reputation clear!"
—Theſe Wiſhes, *they* can ſpeak, and *we* may hear.
Thus far their Wants, are audibly expreſt;
Then ſinks the Voice, and Mutterings groan the reſt:
"Hear, hear at length, good *Hercules!* my Vow:
"O chink ſome Pot of Gold beneath my Plow!

"Could

" Could I, O could I, to my raviſh'd Eyes,
" See my rich Uncle's pompous Funeral riſe!
" Or could I, once, my Ward's cold Corpſe attend!
" Then all were mine—This Autumn ſtand my Friend!
" Poor ſcrophulous Youth, his Life is Pain at beſt:
" Kind Death, releaſe him! and we both are bleſt."
" *One* everlaſting Wife ſticks cloſe by *me*,
" While Neighbour *Nerius* has diſpos'd of *three!*"

But that, with due Solemnity preferr'd,
Theſe righteous Sighs may fail not to be heard;
Each riſing Morn, with lifted Eye and Hand,
At *Tiber*'s purifying Stream you ſtand.
Twice, thrice, you plunge the Head, with ſolemn Care,
Left Night's remaining Stains ſhould ſpoil the Pray'r.

Hark now, reſolve me, Friend! (no mighty Taſk)
This one ſhort Queſtion — This is all I aſk:

What are thy Thoughts of Jove? — nay ſpeak — be free,
Would'ſt thou prefer Him — "HA? TO WHOM? — let's ſee,
Would'ſt thou to *Staius!* — Bleſs me, why ſo mute?
Yes, yes, thou would'ſt to *Staius*, paſt diſpute.
Why, can'ſt thou queſtion which is to be ſtyl'd,
The truſtier *Guardian*, to the friendleſs Child?
Which for a *Judge*, thou ſooner would'ſt approve,
Abandon'd *Staius*, or all-perfect *Jove?*

Well, what you urg'd to *Jove* before, impart
To *Staius* now. Ev'n *Staius'* ſelf would ſtart.
O Jove, O gracious Jove! would *he* exclaim;
And muſt not *Jove* himſelf, then, do the ſame?

What, becauſe Thunder ſtrikes the harmleſs Tree,
Shatters the neighbouring Oak, and paſſes thee;
Argueſt thou thence, the Thunderer appeas'd?
If he be patient, muſt he needs be pleas'd?

Ver. 42. *Staius* was a notorious Wretch, who had behaved particularly villainous in theſe two Characters, of a Judge, and a Guardian.

Fool

Fool! if no Grove behold thy Carcaſs lie
An Object, horrible to human Eye;
If yet no expiating Sheep has bled
On the ſad Spot, where Lightnings riv'd thy Head;
Concluded'ſt thou, *Jove* lies lolling at his Reſt,
And leaves his fooliſh Beard, thy wicked Jeſt?

Or have thy Offerings bought forſooth! their Ear,
And brib'd the Gods, thus patiently to hear?
'Tis ſo; thy Victims have their Anger check'd:
For Blood of Sheep, beſure, has ſtrange Effect!

Behold the Aunt, or reverend Grannum there;
From Cradle, ſee, ſhe takes her Infant Care!
In every Rite of Superſtition verſt,
The ſacred Spittle, lo, ſhe mingles firſt!

The

Ver. 58. *If yet no expiating Sheep.*] When any Perſon was ſtruck dead with Lightning, immediately the Prieſt (*Aliquis ſenior qui publica fulmina condit*, Juv. Sat. 6.) came and buried the Body, incloſed the Place, and erecting there an Altar ſacrificed on it two Sheep, by Way of Expiation. Hence the Word *Bidental* is by Authors applied indifferently, to the Sacrifice, to the Place, to the Perſon.

Ver. 69.] Spittle was thought by the Good-Women, &c. to contain

The Finger deſtin'd to Luſtration, dips;
Then 'noints his Forehead, and his driveling Lips.
This Conſecration guards from every Charm:
Now, Eyes malignant know no more to harm.

She dandles, next, and dancing it on high,
Preſents her puling *Precious* to the Sky;
Humbly beſeeching each Immortal there,
To make the hopeful Urchin all their Care;
To give Him, partial to her fond Demands,
Now *Craſſus*' Houſes, now *Licinius*' Lands.

contain a more than ordinary Virtue againſt Faſcination, or an evil Eye: and therefore with a Compoſition of that and Dirt mix'd together, they rubb'd certain Parts of the Face, by Way of a Preſervative. And to make the Charm ſtill more effectual, this was done with the middle Finger. Thus in *Petronius*; *Mox turbatum Sputo Pulverem, Anus medio ſuſtulit Digito, Frontemque repugnantis ſignat.*

Ver. 74.] When the Buſineſs of Expiation was finiſhed, they next offered their Prayers for the Infant: at which Time, they lifted up in their Arms, to ſhew him, as it were, to the Gods.

Ver. 79.] *Craſſus* (ſays *Plutarch*) purchaſed ſo many Houſes, that the greateſt Part of *Rome*, at one Time or other, came into his Hands. *Licinius* (ſays the old Scholiaſt) was a young ſlave of ſo ſaving a Temper, that he let out the Offals of his Meat for Intereſt, and kept a Regiſter of ſuch Debtors. He was afterwards made a Collector in *Gaul*, where he acquired (as *Perſius* expreſſes it, Sat. 4. *quantum non Milvus oberret:*) "more Lands than a Kite "can fly over." Dr. *Arbuthnot*'s Tables, p. 119.

May

" May Kings and Queens aſpire to call Him Son!
" May to *his* Arms, their eager Daughters run!
" May every Weed, where-e'er the Charmer goes,
" Touch'd by his ſudden Foot, become a Roſe!"

To *pray* aright, ſure aſks a prudent Heart:
No Nurſe truſt I, with this important Part.
Be gracious, *Jove!* and hear no Nurſe of mine,
Tho' rob'd in white, and proſtrate at thy Shrine.

Nerves firm, and faithful thro' a Length of Years;
This Votary aſks — well, *Jove* inclining hears.
But hears, in vain: in vain, hears every God.
—— Fool, thy looſe Life with-holds th' aſſenting Nod:
Diſeaſe lurks latent, in each loaded Diſh;
And every rich Ragouſt, defeats thy Wiſh.
Another lo! — He Wealth alone purſues:
To get this Wealth, what Methods will he uſe?
A fatted Heifer, firſt, forſooth! He ſlays;
Then to the God of Gain, the Suppliant prays.

" Kind

'Kind *Hermes*, come; on me thy Influence ſhow'r!
'Propitiate to my Houſe, each houſhold Pow'r!
'But chief, thy ſelf ſmile gracious on my Stock!
'*Increaſe* my lowing Herds, and fleecy Flock!'

Thou Dolt abſurd! do'ſt thou *increaſe* Deſire,
While daily Heifers feed thy Altar's Fire?
'Yes (thinks he) yes; ſuch Offerings cannot fail:
'They muſt, nay do, already do, prevail.
'I ſee, I ſee, luxuriant Harveſts riſe;
'See teeming Ewes drop Twins before my Eyes.
'O large Amends for Diſappointments paſt!
'Ay, now 'tis coming, now it comes at laſt.'

Thus while he hopes and ſacrifices on,
Lo every Sheep, and almoſt Shilling, gone!
One melancholy Piece remains alone,
And for its Fellows ſighs with fruitleſs Moan.

Whence now, proceed theſe Errors?—doubtleſs, hence:
Man fancies Gods have Man's corrupted Senſe.

Yes, while my Side-Board groans beneath the Weight
Of graven Gold, and maſſy Silver, Plate;
Should I but ſay, ‘ Take here, Friend! take the whole;
‘ Each labour'd Goblet, and each burniſh'd Bowl,’
Strait, o'er thy Breaſt, a Sweat of Joy would riſe;
Thy throbbing Heart, ſtrait own a glad Surpriſe.
Thy natural eaſy Inference is then,
‘ Why ſhould not *Gods* love Gold, as well as *Men?*’

Hence, to engage their mercenary Hearts,
Thou gild'ſt their Statues, with the coſtlieſt Arts:
Hence, from among the *brazen Brothers*, they
Who apteſt Cures in pureſt Dreams convey,
Above their Fellows claim thy choice Regard,
And Beards of Gold their gracious Pains reward.

Ver. 126.] Antiquity believed that the Gods were pleaſed oftentimes to communicate thro' Dreams, ſuch Remedies as were adapted to the ſeveral Diſorders of the Inquirers. *Ideo Medicinam Somno petii. Petron.* This at firſt was accounted the Province of *Apollo* and *Æſculapius* only; but on the breaking out of *Ægyptian* Superſtition, *Iſis, Oſiris,* &c. were complimented with the like Abilities; as were alſo, the 50 Sons of *Ægyptus*, here alluded to: who are called *brazen Brothers*, from their Statues of Braſs, which ſtood together in the Portico of *Apollo Palatinus.*

Gold

Gold in our *Temples* has aſſum'd a Right,
And *Numa*'s frugal Veſſels put to flight:
The humble Braſs of old *Saturnian* Years,
Owns its prevailing Power, and diſappears:
The *Veſtal* Urns, ſee now are gilded o'er;
Plain honeſt *Tuſcan* Ware will down no more.

O abject Souls, ſunk, ever, deep in Clay!
Souls, unenlightned by celeſtial Ray!
Elſe, could we, thus, affront each ſacred Shrine?
Could we, to Gods, mere human Wants aſſign?
Conclude *them* pleas'd with Preſents of Expence,
Like *us*, poor Things of Fleſh, and groveling Senſe?

To pleaſe, forſooth, *this groveling Senſe of ours*,
To the preſt Olive, *Caſia* joins its Powers.
This taught the Pearl, to draw th' admiring Eye;
This taught the Fleece, to drink the *Tyrian* Dye:
This, the crude Ore, to quit the Mother Mine;
While Chymic *Arts* the golden Maſs refine,

Vain Arts, 'tis true: but yet, however vain,
Some Uſe, ſome Uſe, *theſe* Vanities attain.
But come, ye Prieſts! ye Pontiffs, come unfold!
In *Temples*, tell me, what avails your *Gold?*
No more alas! than jointed Babies, laid
At *Venus'* Altar, by the nubile Maid.

But, to the Gods, be ſuch the Gift *we* bear,
Such, as the great *Meſſala*'s daſtard Heir,
From his capacious Cenſer, pil'd on high,
Never, my Friend! no, never can ſupply.
'*A Soul*, where ſettled Virtue reigns enſhrin'd:
'Where Juſtice dwells, with Sanctity combin'd:

Ver. 152.] Boys, when they arrived at Puberty, offered up their *Bullæ* to their reſpective Houſhold Gods: and Girls, when they became marriageable, dedicated, in like manner, their *Pupæ* to *Venus:* hoping by the kind Influence of that Goddeſs, to be ſoon the joyful Mothers of *real* Babies.

Ver. 71. Of the Original—*de magnâ quod dare Lance*] The *Lanx* was a large Cenſer, appropriated to the Rich: but ſometimes *they* made uſe of the *Acerra* likewiſe; (ſee Verſe 5.) a little Cenſer belonging more particularly to the Poor. The meaner Sort of People were content to offer a few Grains only, of Incenſe; but the Great-ones conſumed much larger Quantities. *Datis*, one of *Darius* his Captains, is ſaid to have poured upon the Altar of *Apollo* at *Delos*, above 300 pound Weight of Incenſe at one time. *Herodotus*. B. VI.

'Within

' Within whoſe inmoſt cloſe Receſſes lie
' Tinctures of generous Honour's deepeſt Dye.'

Such is the Sacrifice the Gods demand:
A Cake ſuffices, from a ſpotleſs Hand.

The End of the Second SATIRE.

SATIRA SECUNDA.

Ad *PLOTIUM MACRINUM*,

HUNC, Macrine, Diem numera meliore Lapillo,
Qui Tibi labentes apponit candidus Annos.
Funde Merum Genio: Non tu Prece poſcis emaci,
Quæ, niſi ſeductis, nequeas committere Divis.
At bona Pars Procerum, tacita libabit Acerrâ,
Haud cuivis promptum eſt, Murmurque humileſque Suſurros
Tollere de Templis, et aperto vivere Voto.
'Mens bona, Fama, Fides;' hæc clarè, & ut audiat Hoſpes.
Illa ſibi introrsùm, & ſub Linguâ immurmurat, 'O ſi
'Ebullet Patrui præclarum Funus!—et, O ſi
'Sub Raſtro crepet Argenti Mihi Seria, dextro
'Hercule!—Pupillumve utinam, quem proximus Hæres

'Impello

' Impello, expungam! Namque eſt ſcabioſus, et acri
' Bile tumet—Nerio jam tertia conditur Uxor.'

Hæc ſanctè ut poſcas, Tiberino in Gurgite mergis
Mane Caput, bis, térque; & Noctem Flumine purgas.

Heus age, reſponde; minimum eſt quod ſcire laboro;
De Jove quid ſentis?—Eſtne ut præponere cures
Humo—? "Cuinam"?—Chinam? vis *Staio?* an, ſcilicet, hæres
Quis potior Judex? Putriſve quis aptior orbis?
Hoc igitur, quo Tu *Jovis* Aurem impellere tentas,
Dic agedum *Staio*. Proh Jupiter! O bone, clamet,
Jupiter!—At ſeſe non clamet Jupiter ipſe?
Ignoviſſe putas, quia, cum tonat, ocyùs ilex
Sulfure diſcutitur ſacro, quàm Tuque Domuſque?
An, quia non Fibris Ovium, *Ergennaque* jubente,
Triſte jaces Lucis, evitandumque Bidental,
Idcircò ſtolidam præbet Tibi vellere Barbam
Jupiter? Aut quidnam eſt, qua Tu Mercede, Deorum
Emeris Auriculas? Pulmone & lactibus unctis?

Ecce Avis, aut metuens Divûm Matertera, Cunis
Exemit Puerum! Frontemque, atque uda Labella,
Infami Digito, et luſtralibus ante ſalivis
Expiat; urentes Oculos inhibere perita.
Tunc Manibus quatit, & Spem macram, Supplice Voto,
Nunc *Licini* in Campos, nunc *Craſſi* mittit in Agros.
'Hunc optent Generum Rex & Regina! Puellæ
'Hunc rapiant! quicquid calcaverit Hic, Roſa fiat!'
Aſt Ego Nutrici non mando Vota: negato,
Jupiter, hæc Illi, quamvis Te albata rogarit,

Poſcis Opem Nervis, Corpuſque fidele ſenectæ.
Eſto, age: ſed grandes Patinæ, Tucetaque craſſa
Annuere his ſuperos vetuere, *Jovemque* morantur.

Rem ſtruere exoptas, cæſo Bove; *Mercuriumque*
Arceſſis Fibra: 'da fortunare Penates,
'Da Pecus, et Gregibus Fœtum.' Quo, peſſime, Pacto,
Tot Tibi cum in Flammis *Junicum* Omenta liqueſcant?

Et

Et tamen Hic extis, et opimo vincere Farto
Intendit: 'jam creſcit Ager, jam creſcit Ovile;
' Jam dabitur, jam jam:' donec deceptus, et exſpes,
Nequicquam Fundo ſuſpiret Nummus in imo.

Si Tibi Crateras Argenti, incuſaque pingui
Auro dona feram, ſudes; et Pectore lævo
Excutias Guttas: lætari prætrepidum Cor.
Hinc illud ſubiit, Auro ſacras quòd ovato
Perducis Facies. Nam, Fratres inter ahenos,
Somnia Pituita Qui purgatiſſima mittunt,
Præcipui ſunto; ſitque Illis aurea Barba.

Aurum Vaſa *Numæ*, Saturniaque impulit Æra:
Veſtaleſque Urnas, & Tuſcum fictile mutat.
O Curvæ in Terras Animæ, et cœleſtium inanes!
Quid juvat hoc, Templis noſtros immittere Mores?
Et bona Diis, ex hac ſceleratâ ducere Pulpâ?
Hæc ſibi corrupto Caſiam diſſolvit Olivo;
Et Calabrum coxit, vitiato Murice, Vellus.
Hæc Baccam Conchæ raſiſſe; et ſtringere Venas

Fer-

Ferventis Massæ, crudo de Pulvere, jussit.
Peccat et Hæc, peccat: Vitio tamen utitur. At Vos
Dicite, Pontifices, in sacris quid facit Aurum?
Nempe hoc, quod *Veneri* donatæ a Virgine Pupæ.

Quin damus Id Superis, de magna quod dare Lance
Non possit magni *Messalæ* lippa Propago:
Compositum Jus, Fasque Animi: sanctosque Recessus
Mentis, et incoctum generoso Pectus Honesto.

Hæc cedo, ut admoveam Templis, et Farre litabo.

Finis Secundæ Satiræ.

THE THIRD SATIRE OF *PERSIUS.*

The ARGUMENT.

THE Design of the third Satire, is, to excite in young Noblemen more particularly, a serious Attention to the Studies of Philosophy. To this End, **Persius**, *assuming the Character of a grave Preceptor, reproaches here some Student of Quality, for his Indolence and for his Intemperance. How shameful (says the Sage) is the Course of Life you are leading! to digest the Debauch of the preceding Night, you lie dozing in Bed every Day 'till Noon. Nay, at last, when you rise, instead of employing your Time in learned Pursuits, you are trifling it away in foolish Excuses. You presume, it is like, that High-Birth can privi-*

lege

lege Ignorance; and Wealth make amends for the Want of Wiſdom. But this you will find a moſt grievous Miſtake: for know, he that would be happy, muſt firſt be wiſe. Apply then, in time, to Philoſophy; purſue her Doctrines, and practiſe her Precepts. Elſe, will you ſoon ſee your ſelf in the Caſe of that indiſcreet Patient, who, from refuſing to regulate his Conduct by the Directions of his Phyſician, ſuffers his Complaints to become incurable.

'SO! ſure as Morning comes, the Trade's the ſame!
'See, ſee! broad Day-light (ſee, and bluſh with Shame)
'Spight of thy bolted Shutters, pierces through,
'And every Chink enlarges to the View.

'Yet here dream we, and ſnore regardleſs on,
'Till Day's ſerene and precious half be gone.
'Sick of the Bottle, here lie we in Bed,
'To ſleep off drunken Fumes, and aking Head.
'Come, don't you ſtir?—See, ſultry *Sirius* reigns,
'And long ago has parch'd the thirſty Plains:
'O'erpower'd with Heat, the panting Flocks are laid,
'Beneath the friendly Elm's refreſhing Shade.'

It can't be, ſure: replies my yawning Youth:
But is it then, ſo very late, in Truth?
My Cloaths, this Inſtant!—Slaves, where are you all?
Waits there no Varlet, to attend one's Call?

Now boiling Choler ſwells his ev'ry Vein:
He raves, he roars, he rends my very Brain.
Twice twenty Aſſes, when they all begin
Their hideous Concert, raiſe not ſuch a Din.

But lo, at length, his Bed the Drone forſakes:
At length, his Book he ſpreads; his Pen, he takes:
His Papers here, in learned Order lays;
And there, his Parchment's ſmoother ſide diſplays.

But oh, what Croſſes wait on ſtudious Men!
Now, the black Juice hangs clotted at our Pen.
In all my Life, ſuch Ink I never knew:
So gummy thick—Dilute it, and 'twill do.
Nay, now 'tis Water: and from black, turn'd white:
See, the Pen doubles every Stroke I write!

O Wretch,

O Wretch, and born more wretched to become!
Each Day contributes to thy Miſery's Sum.
Are *theſe*, at laſt, our Philoſophic Fruits?
Quit then (ſay I) quit Virtue's high Purſuits:
To ſofter Life, to downy Eaſe remove;
Be fed, be cocker'd, like a Lady's Dove.
Go, like a noble Babe, once more to lap:
There, froward Maſter! ſquawl for infant Pap:
There, at the naughty Breaſt, be ſure to roar;
And at the Lulla-bie, ſcream ten times more.
How ſhould I ſtudy?—blame my Pen, not me.
Handſome enough! Indeed a manly Plea!
Such idle Pretexts, how canſt thou repeat?
Who is it, Trifler! theſe Excuſes cheat?
Know, 'tis thyſelf: thy-ſelf endures the Wrong,
Whoſe Stream of Life unheeded glides along:
Whoſe Follies, fatal to thy better Fame,
Draw down Contempt, and deſtine thee to Shame.

The ill bak'd Jar, if rung, will found it's Fault:
The Finger's Teſt proclaims the Veſſel naught.

Such

Such wilt thou be; as yet obedient Clay,
Soft and impreſſive. Form, without Delay,
Form it; ſubmit it to the Potter's Wheel
Now; let it *now* the plaſtic Finger feel.

'But why *(ſaiſt thou)* this Preachment why to *me?*
'I want not Learning; I have Means, you ſee.
'Lands, once my Father's, own me now their Lord;
'Becoming Plenty decks my modeſt Board:
'And need I, can I, *future* Wants ſuſpect,
'I, whom my *Lares* (guardian Powers) protect?
'I, who devote of every Meal a Share,
'And daily merit their continu'd Care?'

Know thy Deſires no worthier Scope than this?
Is Wealth, is Grandeur then, Life's only Bliſs?

Ver. 61. *Of every Meal.*] The religious Ancients never began eating of what was provided for the Table, till they had firſt aſſigned their Houſhold Gods a part.

———Vernaſque procaces.
Paſco *libatis* Dapibus. Hor. Sat. VI. B. 2.

This humble Offering, they laid upon the *Patella* (which was a little Diſh conſecrated to this particular Purpoſe) and thence conveyed it into the Fire.

Is it enough, that ſprung of *Tuſcan* Race,
A long Deſcent thro' Pages thou canſt trace?
Purſue thy Lineage thro' the *Herald*'s *Tree*,
And boaſt the thouſandth Branch begins with thee?

Add, that array'd in Pomp of purple Pride,
(When *Roman* Knights in fair Proceſſion ride)
With free Accoſt, *Rome*'s Cenſor thou canſt greet,
And claim thy Couſin, in the ſtaring Street:
Suffices this? for this then, plumes thy Creſt?
For this, inflated ſwells thy ſcornful Breaſt?
Go, prance to Fools; bear, bear thy Trappings hence:
The tawdry Show may ſtrike *their* dazzled Senſe;
Affects not *me*. I know thy Wants *within*:
The *Covering* cheats not me, who know the *Skin*.
How canſt thou ſee, without indignant Shame,
Thine, and abandon'd *Natta*'s Life the ſame?
But *he*, to Pardon pleads ſome poor Pretence;
His want of Virtue ſprings from want of Senſe:
Groſs Fat involves each Fibre of his Heart,
Grows o'er the whole, and deadens every Part.

Guilt-

Guiltleſs he Wretch! who blind to Wiſdom's Charms,
Knows not her Beauties, while he flies her Arms:
Immers'd ſo deeply in a Sea of Vice,
No Bubble ſpeaks an Effort for his Riſe.

O *Jove*, when cruel Crimes of deepeſt Dye,
The Crimes of monſter Kings, for Juſtice cry;
And thou, great Father of the Gods! ſhalt ſtand
Eager to ſtretch thy Thunder-darting Hand;
Yet ſtay—this Vengeance let the Wretches meet,
This Vengeance rather, as the more complete:
'Let them behold that Virtue they forſook,
'And pine away, repentant, while they look.'

The brazen Bull with flaming Tortures ſtor'd,
How exquiſite a Pain!—The pointed Sword
(From gilded Cielings, by a ſingle Thread,
Impending o'er the purpled Flatterer's Head)

Ver. 97. *Brazen Bull—pointed Sword.*] The firſt of theſe two Stories, is related at large, in *Lucian*'s *Phalaris*: the ſecond, in *Cicero*'s *Tuſculan Diſputations*, V. 21.

How ſore a Suffering! how immenſely ſore!
And yet there is, who ſuffers hourly more.
'Tis he, the Wretch whom inward Pangs controul,
And wring this ſad Reflection from his Soul:
I go, I go! alas, beyond Recall,
Down, down the headlong Steep of Vice I fall!
Pale ſhews his Cheek, while ſmothering in his Breaſt
Lurks the dark Secret, not to be expreſt:
There muſt it lurk, there gall his wretched Life;
Not be imparted to his boſom Wife.

Whilſt yet a tender Stripling, I, 'tis true,
Play'd then my ſilly Pranks, as well as you.
Oft my poor Eyes, with Oil would I beſmear,
And thus contract an artificial Blear.
Elſe, with big Patriot Words and ſolemn State,
Muſt I have mimick'd dying *Cato*'s Fate.
A Taſk, my pedant Maſter's fuſtian Ear
With huge Applauſes had been ſure to hear.
Nor had my Father fail'd his Praiſe to join,
Thro' perfect Rapture ſweating at each Line:

His Friends inviting, to partake his Joy,
And mark the hopeful Progreſs of his Boy.

For fitting to my Age, was then my Bliſs,
And all my poor Ambition, only this:
To know what Stakes the lucky *Sice* would win,
And what th' unlucky *Ace* would loſe agen;
To watch my Fellows with obſervant Eye,
While from the tapering Box they troll'd the Dye;
And ſee no Lad more dextrous ſhould advance,
To teach the boxen Top it's circling Dance.

But *thy* maturer, more inſtructed Days,
Know to diſtinguiſh Error's crooked Ways:
Experienc'd know, what wiſe, what wholſome Truths,
The *Porch* delivers to the liſtening Youths:
That learned *Porch*, whoſe ſtoried Walls expreſs
The *Grecian's* Joy, the trowzer'd *Mede's* Diſtreſs.

Ver. 135. *That learned* Porch *&c.*] On the Walls of the *Portico*, where the *Stoics* taught their Philoſophy, was painted the Victory which the *Athenians* obtained, at *Marathon*, over the *Medes* and *Perſians*. The *Medes* were drawn habited in a kind of *Trowſes*; a part of Dreſs, peculiar to their Country.

There, ſhorn Diſciples ſtudious Vigils keep;
And Wiſdom's midnight Page prefer to ſleep:
With humble Huſks of Peaſe and Beans are fed,
And taſte no richer Luxury, than Bread.

There, has the *Samian* Y's inſtructive Make,
Pointed the Road, thy doubtful Foot ſhould take:
There, warn'd thy raw and yet unpractis'd Youth,
To tread the riſing, right-hand Path of Truth.

And art thou ſtill, as Day ſucceeds to Day,
Art thou ſtill, drinking, dreaming Life away?
Regardleſs ſtill, of Reaſon's ſoberer Law,
Nods thy looſe Head, and gapes thy yawning Jaw?

Say, haſt thou fix'd ſome certain Mark in View?
This, do thy level'd Shafts alone purſue?

Ver. 142. *There has the* Samian Y.] *Pythagoras*, a Native of the Iſland *Samos*, conſidered the forked Top of this Letter, as an apt Emblem of the two Paths of Virtue and Vice. The left Side, being broad, characters *Vice*; to which the Aſcent is wide and eaſie; the right Side repreſents *Virtue*; to which the Paſſage is ſtrait and difficult. *Dryden*.

Or vagrant follow'ſt thou, with pelting Clay,
Each random Crow that fortunes in thy Way?
Does thy Life one determin'd Scope avow,
Or looks thy Thought no farther than the *now?*

When Dropſies, once, have fix'd their watery Reign,
The ſwelling Patients fruitleſly complain,
And call for Help, and Hellebore, in vain.

Warn'd hence, be wiſe: and, to the *coming Ill*,
Oppoſe the Doctor's nice, preventive Skill:
Elſe, may you late, too late, for Health apply,
When *Craterus* cannot give, nor Millions buy.

Attend then, wretched Youth! in Time attend,
To every natural Cauſe, and moral End.
Look into Man, with philoſophic Eye:
Conſider *what* we are, conſider *why*.
The Race of Life, contemplate: how to ſtart,
And how to turn the Goal, with niceſt Art.

Learn, to what Limits Wealth ſhould be confin'd;
Learn, to what Uſes 'twas by Heav'n aſſign'd.
Reflect, what Prayers with Reaſon we may frame;
What Debts our Friends, our Parents, Country, claim.
Know, we are poſted here, by Power divine;
And think what Poſt, that Power has deſtin'd thine.

Theſe Points learn thou, and once enrich'd with theſe,
Grudge the greas'd Advocate, no more, his Fees.
What tho' thou ſee'ſt his glutted Larders fraught
With numerous Bribes, by rich *Defendants* brought?
See'ſt Jars on Jars ſo plentifully pil'd,
That e're one Half are us'd, one Half are ſpoil'd?
What tho' thou ſee, ſee likewiſe, *Plaintiff*-Throngs
Hire, with refreſhing Fee, the venal Lungs?
Envy not thou the Knave his Knavery's Price:
Envy not thou, his Gammons or his Spice:
No, nor his Caggs of Sturgeon; ſent ſo faſt,
A freſh one comes while unconſum'd the laſt.

But here methinks, ſome rammiſh Captain cries;
'This very Wiſdom, know Sir, I deſpiſe.
'My Scull, unfurniſh'd with this trumpery Stuff,
'Serves all my Purpoſes — and that's enough.
'Who'd wear a Scholard's gloomy grievous Face?
'A *Solon*-Phyz? — not I — confound the Race!
'Dull Rogues, who hang the heavy Head awry,
'And fix on Earth the ſteady, ſtupid Eye.
'Balancing Words, mean-time, the Students ſtand;
'The Brow, contract; the critic Lip, expand.
'Then with a growling, rufty, rumbling Note,
'Mutter forſooth! mad Gibberiſh in the Throat.
'Some old ſick Dotard's dark diſorder'd Dream,
'Their conſtant Subject, their eternal Theme.
'*Nothing* (cry they) *from nothing can ariſe:*
'*Nothing return to nothing.*— wondrous wiſe!
'No marvel if, ſuch Jewel-truths to find,
'They grow with faſting, pale; with reading, blind!'

He ends: the Audience, all, approve the Jeſt;
But Tranſport ſwells each *Soldier*'s brawny Breaſt.

On each Bold Nose, a wrinkling Sneer is found;
And quavering Laughter echoes loud around.

Let *them* laugh on: hear *thou* what I adviſe;
And let another's Folly make thee wiſe.

A Patient once with Malady oppreſs'd,
His honeſt, grave Phyſician, thus addreſs'd:

'Doctor, with Speed, exert your healing Art:
'I feel a ſtrange odd Fluttering, here, at Heart:
'My Throat is parch'd; offenſive is my Breath;
'And Eructations—plague me quite to Death.
'Pray, feel my Pulſe, conſider well my Face,
'And ſay what Remedy befits my Caſe.'
Your feveriſh Caſe calls, inſtant, for Repoſe.
Inſtant, to Bed the feveriſh Patient goes.
Well, the third Day beheld, in every Vein,
Life's troubled Current once compos'd again.
But now, alas! he ſends a jolly Jug,
(No ſickly Noggin, but a mighty Mug)

To ſome rich Friend, with this attendant Line;
' Pray fill it, with your beſt *Surrentin* Wine.'
Then to the *Baths*, with thoughtleſs Speed, repairs;
And thither too, this fatal Potion bears.
Good Sir, go home: let my Advice prevail:
What, you abroad! and look ſo wondrous pale?
' So wondrous pale!—pho, canting, quackery Stuff:
' This, Man! is nothing — I am well enough.'
Be rul'd, I beg; or elſe ev'n this, I fear,
Nothing as 'tis, may chance to coſt you dear.
Why, don't I ſee, as now it heaves within,
A ſtealing Dropſy bloat your ſallow Skin?
' Talk'ſt thou of ſallow Skins? go, mind thy own;
' And let my Tutor's Province, pray, alone:
' Him I laid long ago, amongſt the Dead;
' And ſhall lay thee.' *Sir, uſe your Mind — I've ſaid.*

Behold then, undiſmay'd by threatned Ill,
Spite of all ſaving Counſel, bathe he will:

Tho'

Tho' his pale Belly, pampering Dainties bloat;
And noiſom Fumes riſe lingering from his Throat.

But, lo, *the ſtaunching Draught* compleats the Caſe!
Lo, ſudden Tremors every Nerve unbrace!
Down from his Hand the tumbling Goblet goes:
Diſtended Gums his chattering Teeth diſcloſe:
From his lax Lips, in iſſuing Currants join,
The unctuous Viand, and *Surrentin* Wine!

See now the Trumpets and the Torches!—ſee
Our Spark laid out in ſad Solemnity!
Stretch'd on the Bier, bedawb'd with Unguents o'er,
While his ſtiff Heels lie pointed to the Door!

Romans

Ver. 242. *Tho' his pale Belly, &c.*] The general Cuſtom was, to bathe before Meals: but riotous Gluttons bathed alſo after Meals, in order to procure ſudden Digeſtion; inſtead of which, they were ſometimes viſited with ſudden Death. *Juv. Sat.* I. V. 143. they drank plentiful *Draughts of hot Wine*, to promote Perſpiration.

Ver. 252. *Stretched on the Bier &c.*] It was the Practice among the *Romans* to lay the dead Body in the Porch of their Houſes, near the Threſhold; that Paſſengers might inſpect it, and be ſatisfied whether there were any Signs of a violent Death. For the Benefit of a clearer View the Corps was ſet in the Poſition here mentioned,

the

Romans of Yeſterday, their Shoulders lend;
Convey him to the *Pile* — and there's an End.

'Well: how to *me*, pertains this Tale ſo ſmart?
'Apply your Finger to my Pulſe, or Heart:
'Nor Heart, nor Pulſe, betray unwonted Heat.
'— Here then, examine next, theſe Hands, theſe Feet.
'Miſtaken Man! they too the ſame will tell:
'Both, Feet and Hands, confeſs that I am well.'

But, ſhould ſome Miſer's glittering Hoard of Gold,
It's ſudden Beauties to thy Sight unfold;
Or, ſhould thy Neighbour's lovelier *Fair* advance,
Leering a ſoft, a melting, meaning, Glance;
Then, would thy Pulſe beat regularly ſlow?
Then, would thy Heart theſe equal Meaſures know?

the Feet towards the Door. This Way of placing the Dead was likewiſe in Uſe among the *Greeks*. *Hom. Il.* XIX. *V.* 212.

The Word *Porta*, properly ſpeaking, implies the Gate of a *City*: but in this Paſſage of *Perſius* (and no where elſe that I remember, ſays *Caſaubon*) it is uſed to denote the Gate of a *Houſe*.

Ver. 254. *Romans* of Yeſterday;] That is to ſay, his Slaves, who had their Freedom given them, at his Death.

Make

Make a freſh Trial: lo, before you ſpread
Cold o'ergrown Potherbs, and harſh branny Bread!
—Well, Sir, how ſuits the Diet!— gracious Powers!
What, does it gall that Lady-mouth of ours?

This Minute, ſee! with pale Affright you ſtare;
Shivering each Limb, and briſtling every Hair!
The next, how chang'd! now, boils your Blood with Ire;
Now, flaſh your Eye-balls with inceſſant Fire.
From every Act you do, or Word you add,
Ev'n mad *Oreſtes'* ſelf would ſwear you mad.

The End of the third SATIRE.

SATIRA TERTIA.

NEmpè hæc aſſidue! Jam clarum Mane Feneſtras
Intrat, et anguſtas extendit Lumine Rimas.
Stertimus, indomitum quod deſpumare Falernum
Sufficiat, quinta dum Linea tangitur Umbrâ.
En, quid agis? ſiccas inſana Canicula Meſſes
Jamdudum coquit, & patula Pecus omne ſub Ulmo eſt.

Unus ait Comitum, 'Verumne? Itane? Ocius adſit
Huc aliquis. Nemon'?' Turgeſcit vitrea Bilis:
Finditur, Arcadiæ Pecuaria rudere credas.

Jam liber, et bicolor poſitis Membrana Capillis,
Inque Manus Chartæ, nodoſaque venit Arundo.
Tum querimur, craſſus Calamo quòd pendeat Humor;
Nigra quòd infuſa vaneſcat Sepia Lymphâ:
Dilutas, querimur, geminet quòd Fiſtula Guttas.
O miſer,

O Miſer, inque Dies ultrà Miſer! Huccine Rerum
Venimus? At cur non potius, teneroque Columbo
Et ſimilis Regum Pueris, Pappare minutum
Poſcis; et iratus Mammæ, Lallare recuſas?

'*An tali ſtudeam Calamo?*' Cui Verba? Quid iſtas
Succinis Ambages? Tibi luditur: effluis amens,
Contemnere. Sonat Vitium percuſſa, malignè
Reſpondet, viridi non cocta Fidelia Limo.
Udum et molle Lutum es; nunc, nunc properandus, et acri
Fingendus ſine Fine Rota. Sed Rure paterno,
Eſt Tibi Far modicum; purum, et ſine Labe, Salinum.
Quid metuas? Cultrixque Foci ſecura Patella eſt.
Hoc ſatis? An deceat Pulmonem rumpere Ventis,
Stemmate quòd Tuſco Ramum millefime ducis?
Cenſoremne tuum vel quòd trabeate ſalutas?
Ad Populum Phaleras: Ego te intus, et in Cute, novi.
Non pudet, ad Morem diſcincti vivere *Nattæ?*

Sed

Sed ſtupet Hic Vitio; et Fibris increvit opimum
Pingue: caret Culpa: neſcit quid perdat: et illo
Demerſus, ſumma rurſus non bullit in Undâ.

Magne pater Divûm, ſævos punire Tyrannos
Haud alia Ratione velis, cum dira Libido
Moverit Ingenium, ferventi tincta Veneno:
'Virtutem videant, intabeſcantque relictâ.'
Anne magis *Siculi* gemuerunt Æra Juvenci;
Et magis, auratis pendens Laquearibus, Enſis
Purpureas ſubter Cervices terruit, 'imus,
'Imus præcipites,' quàm ſi ſibi dicat; et intus
Palleat infelix, quod proxima neſciat Uxor?

Sæpè Oculos, memini, tangebam parvus Olivo,
Grandia ſi nollem morituri Verba *Catonis*
Dicere, non ſano multum laudanda Magiſtro;
Quæ Pater adductis ſudans audirèt Amicis.
Jure: etenim id ſummum, quid dexter Senio ferret,
Scire erat in Vòto; damnoſa Canicula quantum

Raderet;

Raderet; angustæ Collo non fallier Orcæ;
Neu quis callidior Buxum torquere Flagello.

Haud Tibi inexpertum, curvos deprendere Mores;
Quæque docet sapiens, braccatis illita *Medis*,
Porticus: insomnis quibus et detonsa Juventus
Invigilat, Siliquis et grandi pasta Polentâ.
Et Tibi, quæ *Samios* deduxit Littera Ramos,
Surgentem dextro monstravit Limite Callem.
Stertis adhuc? laxumque Caput, Compage solutâ,
Oscitat hesternum, dissutis undique Malis?
Est aliquid quò tendis, et in quod dirigis Arcum?
An passim sequeris Corvos Testaque Lutoque,
Securus quò Pes ferat, atque ex Tempore vivis?

Helleborum frustrà, cum jam Cutis ægra tumebit,
Poscentes videas. Venienti ocurrite Morbo;
Et quid Opus *Cratero* magnos promittere Montes?
Discite, ô Miseri! et Causas cognoscite Rerum:
Quid sumus; et quidnam victuri gignimur: Ordo
Quis datus: et Metæ quà mollis Flexus, et undæ.

Quis

Quis Modus Argento: quid fas optare: quid aſper
Utile Nummus habet: Patriæ, cariſque Propinquis,
Quantum elargiri deceat: Quem Te Deus eſſe
Juſſit; et humana quâ Parte locatus es in Re.
Diſce: nec invideas, quòd multa Fidelia patet
In locuplete Penu, defenſis pinguibus *Umbris*;
Et Piper, et Pernæ, *Merſi* Monumenta Clientis:
Mænaque quód prima nondum defecerit Orcâ.

Hic aliquis de Gente hircoſa Centurionum,
Dicat; " Quod ſapio, ſatis eſt Mihi: Non ego curo
" Eſſe quod *Arceſilas*, ærumnoſique *Solones*,
" Obſtipo Capite, & figentes Lumine Terram;
" Murmura cum ſecum, et rabioſa Silentia rodant,
" Atque exporrecto trutinantur Verba Labello,
" Ægroti veteris meditantes Somnia: *gigni*
" *De Nihilo Nihilum, in Nihilum Nil poſſe reverti.*
" Hoc eſt, quod palles! cur quis non prandeat, hoc
eſt!"

His Populus ridet; multumque torosa Juventus
Ingeminat tremulos, Naso crispante, Cachinnos.

Inspice; nescio quid trepidat Mihi pectus; et ægris
Faucibus, ensuperat gravis Halitus; inspice sodes,
Qui dicit Medico; jussus requiescere, postquam
Tertia compositas vidit Nox currere Venas,
De majore Domo, modicè sitiente Lagenâ,
Lenia loturo sibi *Surrentina* rogavit.
" Heus bone, Tu palles." Nihil est. " Videas tamen istud,
" Quicquid id est: surgit tacitè Tibi lutea Pellis."
Sit tu deteriùs palles; ne sis Mihi Tutor;
Jampridem Hunc sepeli: Tu restas. " Perge, tacebo."

Turgidus Hic Epulis, atque albo Ventre, lavatur;
Gutture sulphureas lentè exhalante Mephites.
Sed Tremor inter Vina subit, calidumque Triental
Excutit e Manibus: Dentes crepuere retecti;
Uncta cadunt laxis tunc Pulmentaria Labris:
Hinc Tuba, Candelæ. Tandemque beatulus alto

Com-

Compositum Lecto, crassique lutatus Amantis,
In Portam rigidos Calces extendit. At illum
Hesterni Capite induto subiere Quirites.

Tange, Miser, Venas; et pone in pectore Dextram:
Nil calet hic. Summosque Pedes attinge, Manusque:
Non frigent——Visa est si fortè Pecunia, sive
Candida Vicini subrisit molle Puella;
Cor Tibi rite salit? Positum est, algente Catino,
Durum Olus; & Populi Cribro decussa Farina:
Tentemus Fauces. Tenero latet Ulcus in Ore
Putre, quod haud deceat plebeia radere Betâ.

Alges, cum excussit Membris Timor albus Aristas:
Nunc, Face suppositâ, fervescit Sanguis, & Irâ
Scintillant Oculi: dicisque, facisque, quod ipse
Non sani esse Hominis, non sanus juret *Orestes*.

Finis Tertiæ Satiræ.

THE

FOURTH SATIRE

OF

PERSIUS.

The ARGUMENT.

PLATO, *in one of his Dialogues, introduces* Socrates *holding a Converſation with* Alcibiades, *and reproving that young* Athenian *for meddling ſo early with State-Affairs.* Alcibiades *was then quite young and unexperienced; but being of a Temper very vain and ambitious, and preſuming upon his Birth, his Fortune, and the great Authority of his Guardian and Relation,* Pericles, *he looked upon himſelf, even at that time, as equal to the moſt important Undertakings.*

THIS *Dialogue of* Plato's, Perſius *has in ſome Meaſure tranſlated: but what the Philoſopher relates as paſſing there*

there between Alcibiades *and* Socrates, *the Poet would have us apply here to* Nero *and (his Tutor)* Seneca.

AT *the time this Satire was wrote,* Nero *had not entirely thrown off his Maſk; but, whatever Debaucheries he might practiſe in ſecret, to the public he ſtill continued to perſonate a Character of ſome remaining Virtues. It is for this reaſon, we find* Perſius *aſſuring him, that no Man's Actions can ever be ſo concealed, but that the World, ſome way or other, will come at the Knowledge of them. The Compliments of your Flatterers (ſays he) will avail you but little: whatever Perfections* they *may pleaſe to allow you, the reſt of Mankind, and your own Conſcience, will not fail to preſent you with a very different Account.*

'TWAS thus, of old, the bearded awful Sage
(He, the fam'd Victim of *Athenian* Rage,
Whom Hemlock's fatal Juice from Life remov'd)
Addreſs'd th' aſpiring, forward Youth he lov'd:

Ver. 3. *Whom Hemlock's fatal Juice*] The Manner of putting State-Criminals to Death at *Athens*, was by poiſoning them with a Liquor expreſſed from the *Cicuta*; a cold venomous Plant, to which our Hemlock is ſuppoſed to bear ſome Affinity. *Socrates*, having fallen under the People's Diſpleaſure, for explaining himſelf too freely upon ſome of their groſs Errors, was condemned to drink this deadly Draught.

You then, presume to guide Affairs of State,
And load your Shoulders with a Nation's Weight.
What blest Attainments, I would humbly ask,
Equal my Stripling to this arduous Task?
Resolve me, you; you, born forsooth, to share
The mighty *Pericles*' instructive Care!

No Marks of Manhood, on your Chin we find;
But, doubtless, many must adorn your Mind.
Bless me, so young, and so experienc'd too!
What Wonders meet, consummate Sir, in *you!*
You know, beyond, on every various Head,
What should be sunk in Silence, what be said!

Behold, Sedition thro' the People reigns;
Bile rolls impetuous thro' their burning Veins!
Oh for a Man, their Madness to assuage,
And with mild Reason, still their clamorous Rage!

Eager to speak, and forward to command,
Lo *you* arise! and wave the solemn Hand.

Silence

Silence ſucceeds---eaſe now that labouring Breaſt:
Now ſay, what Counſel ſwells to be expreſt?

I think my Countrymen! I think, in This
Ye act unjuſtly; and in That, amiſs.
Would ye behave as Reaſon's Rules require?
Go, to your proper Homes, in Peace retire.

For, with nice Hand, the Balance *you* ſuſtain,
And weigh out Juſtice, to a ſingle Grain;
Perceive which Side is deſtin'd to prevail,
While, as yet doubtful, nods the wavering Scale!
You, if a Line the leaſt from Straitneſs ſwerve,
See it, at once, deflecting to a Curve!
Or, if the Compaſs ſhould incline awry,
Soon *you* diſcern it, with ſagacious Eye.
You trace the Knave, thro' all his doubling Tricks;
Then, to his Name, the fatal Letter fix!

Ver. 38. *The fatal Letter*] The *Athenian* Judges prefixed to the Names of ſuch Criminals as they ſentenced to Execution, the Letter *Theta*: i. e. the firſt Letter of the Word which, in the Greek Language, ſignified *Death*.

Ah, leave, young Statesman! leave such weighty Cares,
Till Judgment ripen with maturer Years.
For what avails a varnish'd outward Skin,
If an untutor'd Mind remains within?
Why to the Crowd, why then this earnest Suit,
The fawning Cringe, and popular Salute?
Let *each Anticyra*, first purge thy Brain;
A Task, *one* Island would attempt in vain.

For tell me, pray, resolve me only this;
'What makes the Sum of sublunary Bliss?'
Good Cheer, no doubt; delicious daily Treats;
Soft Pleasures, suppling Oils, and sunny Heats.

That cripled Beldame, who comes hobling by,
If ask'd the like, would give the like Reply;

Ver. 45. *Anticyra*] These were two Islands, famous for producing *Hellebore*. See Note on Sat. I. V. 116.

Ver. 50. *Sunny Heats.*] They used to anoint their Bodies, and then bask in the Sun, to make their Pores imbibe the Oil.

The same her Thoughts, her Appetites the same:
Go now, go Wretch! thy usual Vaunts proclaim!
'*I spring of noble Race; see here, in me,*
'*The great Dinomache's Descendant see!*
'*I too have Beauty.*'—That we all confess,
But as for Wisdom, *Baucis* has not less,
Old goody *Baucis*, who, in tatter'd Gown,
Screams out her Herbs to every Slave in Town.

Into themselves, how few, how few, descend;
And act, at home, the free impartial Friend!
None see their own, but all, with ready Eye,
The pendant Wallet on a Neighbour spy:
All too, with ready Tongue, recount his Shame,
And tack his every Error to his Name.

Should I but ask (for Instance) '*Have you seen*
'*The Farms of one Vectidius?*'—Whom d'you mean?
'*Why, the rich* Sabine; *whose Extent of Ground*
'*Would tire the wheeling Kite to measure round.*

' Oh, mean you Him! of Heaven and Earth the Scorn,
' With angry Gods, and adverſe Genius born;
' Who (even then, when Steers reſign the Yoke,
' And Ploughs hang uſeleſs on the Croſs-way Oak)
' O'er his poor mouldy Jar a Niggard ſtands,
' And opes it's pitchy Vent, with bogling Hands?
' *Ye Gods*, (groans he) *ye Powers, propitious grant*
' *This Day's Profuſion may not end in Want!*
' Then on a ſalted Onion makes his Meal;
' Spares not a Coat, but munches e'en the Peel:
' Nay guzzales (to digeſt this luſcious Cheer)
' Dead, acid, mothery Lees, for wholſome Beer.
' His Clowns, mean-time, a barley Pudding treats,
' And makes each Bumpkin chuckle as he eats.'

Thus on *Vectidius*' Life, doſt thou enlarge;
There is, who thine ſhall full as freely charge.
Yes, if thou paſs effeminate away,
In Oils and Sunſhine, all the ſlothful Day,
Some one there is (unknown, unthought of) nigh,
Prompt to retort th' unwelcome harſh Reply:

He

He then, indignant, shall thy Crimes recite,
And drag each lewder Action forth to Light.
Tell with what Pains you keep the Member bare,
And from the *Cuticus*, root each manly Hair:
That all the Town, their Pathic may approve,
Smooth'd and completed to the Taste of Love.

'A Bush of Beard (says he) with grisly Grace
'Comb'd and perfum'd, is *cherish'd* on thy Face;
'Why must thou then, more modish Parts deprave?
'Why strip off that, which bounteous Nature gave?
'But take the Heroes of the *Circus* round,
'Not any five can clear the shrubby Ground.
'Oils let them pour, with Pincers let them strain,
'Yet shall Oils supple, Pincers tug, in vain:
'The Fern, deep-rooted, shoots o'er all the Soil,
'And mocks the Harrow's Teeth, and Ploughman's Toil.'

Thus in a Circle, Censure goes its Round:
We give alternate, and receive the Wound:

Effa-

Eſtabliſh'd Practice has ordain'd it thus,
We rail at others, others rail at us.

Say tho', the curious World in vain ſhould pry,
Say that thy Faults eſcape the ſharpeſt Eye;
Yet, can'ſt thou cheat the Cenſor in thy Breaſt?
No, Conſcience calls each Failure to the Teſt.
Thy rich broad Belt (it cries) may gild thy Sides,
But cannot cure the ſecret Sore it hides.
What tho' the blinded World pronounce thee ſound,
Will not thy Nerves reclaim that feel the Wound?

But lo, my Neighbours with one Voice agree,
Perfection's ſelf is center'd ſole in me!
What muſt I do? inſtruct me how to act:
Say, can I queſtion, what they ſwear is fact?

Wretch! if the Glimpſe of Gold alarm thy Breaſt,
While on thy Cheek pale Avarice ſits confeſt;
If thou purſueſt each Midnight lewd Deſign
That Luſt can dictate, Luſt inflam'd with Wine;

(Cautious

(Cautious a Guard of Bullies to provide,
Who back th' Abuſe, and hector at thy Side)
If with thy Crimes, each ſacred Place be ſtain'd,
The *Forum*'s ſelf with Outrages prophan'd:
If ſuch thy Life, go, credit Fame no more,
Tho' Mobs applaud, tho' Multitudes adore:
No more to flattering Crowds thy Ear incline,
Eager to drink the Praiſe, which is not thine.

Applauſe unmerited, ſhould move Diſdain;
Give it the cobling Donors, back again.
To know thyſelf, *Abroad* no longer roam;
Compute thy Worth, from what thou find'ſt at *Home*.

Ver. 127. *Cautious a Guard*, &c.] *Nero* it ſeems was a kind of Mohock in his Diverſions; and committed numberleſs Indecencies, nay even Robberies and Cruelties, diſguiſed under the Habit of a Slave. Sometimes he met with a vigorous Oppoſition, and at laſt was ſoundly beaten: for which Reaſon, he went afterwards attended with a parcel of Gladiators. *Caſaubon* obſerves that it is to this *Perſius* here alludes, *Si Puteal multâ* &c. but the Poet (ſays he) deſignedly left the Words capable of another Conſtruction; to the End that if he ſhould be accuſed of glancing at the Emperor, by Means of this Ambiguity he might elude the Charge.

The End of the fourth SATIRE.

SATIRA QUARTA

REM Populi tractas? *(Barbatum hoc tredè Magistrum*
Dicere, Sorbitio tollit quem dira Cicuta.)
Quo fretus? die hoc, magni Pupille *Periclî.*
Scilicet Ingenium, et Rerum Prudentia velox,
Ante Pilos venit; dicenda, tacendaque, calles!
Ergo, ubi commota fervet Plebecula Bile,
Fert animus calidæ feciſſe Silentia Turbæ,
Majeſtate Manûs. Quid deinde loquere?—' Quirites,
' Hoc, puto, non juſtum eſt; Illud malè; rectius iſtud.'
Suis etenim juſtum gemina ſuſpendere Lance
Ancipitis Libræ: Rectum diſcernis, ubi inter
Curva ſubit; vel cum fallit Pede Regula varo:
Et potis es nigrum Vitio præfigere Theta.

Quin tu, igitur, ſumma nequicquam Pelle decorus,
Ante Diem blando Caudam jactare Popello

Deſinis,

Definis, *Anticyras* melior ſorbere meracas?
Quæ Tibi Summa Boni eſt?—' uncta vixiſſe Patellâ
' Semper, & aſſiduo curata Cuticula Sole.'
Expecta; haud aliud reſpondeat hæc Anus. I nunc,
Dinomaches Ego ſum, ſuffla, ſum candidus. Eſto,
Dum ne deterius ſapiat pannucia *Baucis*,
Cum benè diſcincto cantaverit Ocyma Vernæ.
Ut Nemo in ſeſe tentat deſcendere! Nemo:
Sed præcedenti ſpectatur Mantica Tergo.
Quæſierim, ' noſtin' Vectidi Prædia?' *Cujus?*
' Dives arat Curibus quantum non Milvus aberret.'
Hunc ais? hunc, Diis iratis Genioque ſiniſtro:
Qui quandoque Jugum pertuſa ad Compita figit,
Seriolæ veterem metuens deradere Limum,
Ingemit, hoc bene ſit; tunicatum cum Sale mordens
Cæpe: & farrata Pueris plaudentibus Ollâ,
Pannoſam Fæcem morientis ſorbet Aceti?

At ſi unctus ceſſes, et figas in Cute ſolem,
Eſt prope Te ignotus, Cubito qui tangat, & acre

Deſpunt

Deſpuat in Mores; Penemque Arcanaque Lumbi
Runcantem; populo marcentes pandere Vulvas.
Tu cum Maxillis balanatum Gauſape pectas,
Inguinibus quare detonſus Gurgulio extat?
Quinque Paleſtritæ licet hæc Plantaria vellant,
Elixaſque Nates labefactent Forcipe aduncâ,
Non tamen iſta Filix ullo manſueſcit Aratro,

Cædimus, inque Vicem præbemus Crura ſagittis:
Vivitur hoc Pacto: Sic novimus. Ilia ſubter,
Cæcum Vulnus habes; ſed lato Balteus Auro
Prætegit: ut mavis, da Verba, et decipe Nervos,
Si potes. 'Egregium cum Me Vicinia dicat,
Non credam?' viſo ſi palles, improbe, Nummo;
Si facis, in Penem quicquid Tibi venit amarum;
Si pateal multa cautus Vibice flagellas;
Nequicquam Populo bibulas donaveris Aures.
Reſpue quod non es: tollat ſua munera Cerdo:
Tecum habita, et noris quam ſit Tibi curta Supellex.

Finis QUARTÆ SATIRÆ.

THE FIFTH SATIRE OF *PERSIUS.*

The ARGUMENT.

THIS Satire is confeſſedly the moſt valuable of all the Six. Perſius, *in the firſt part of it, expatiates in the Praiſes of* Annæus Cornutus, *a famous* Stoic, *who had been his Preceptor in Philoſophy; and, in that Station, had deſerved, from his Scholar, not only the higheſt Acknowledgments, but the tendereſt Affection. He then exhorts others likewiſe, to purſue the ſame Methods himſelf had done; that ſo they might attain to* true *Wiſdom, and by that Means arrive at* real *Freedom. For with the* Stoics *it was a Maxim, that* 'all Men but the Wiſe were 'actually Slaves.' *This Point* Perſius *maintains to the End of the Satire, againſt an Opponent, who, having received*

his Freedom at the Hands of the Prætor, *would, therefore, needs inſiſt that he was now a Slave no longer. A Conſequence, which the Author will by no Means allow him: for where is the Difference (ſays he) whether you remain in Subjection to the Commands of a Maſter, or to the Tyranny of a Paſſion? What avails it, your having got rid of* one *Lord, if you ſtill continue a Slave to* twenty? *Namely, to* Ambition, *to* Avarice, *to* Luxury, *to* Superſtition, *&c.*

Perſius. ‘ *O for a hundred Pair of brazen Lungs!*
‘ *O for a hundred Mouths, a hundred Tongues!*’

'Tis thus our Bards, whate'er high Theme they chuſe,
By Cuſtom taught, addreſs the favourite Muſe:
Whether ſome boiſtrous, buſkin'd Plot they form,
To rend the Actor's Throat with *tragic* Storm;
Or elſe, in *Epic*, ſing the *Parthian*'s Smart,
Extracting from his Groin the *Roman* Dart.
The ſame *my* Wiſh———

Cornutus.———Thine too, my *Perſius!* thine?
With all theſe Voices, what canſt *thou* deſign?

What

What huge Heroics, in thy Boſom pent,
Demand a hundred Throats, to give them vent?
To Bards alone of fuſtian Race, belong
Theſe Fogs of *Helicon*, theſe Flights of Song:
Bards! who, to frighted Theatres, reveal
The tragic Horrors of *Thyeſtes'* Meal;
Or know to cook fam'd *Progne*'s bloody Treat;
Where witleſs *Glycon*, oft and oft, muſt eat.

Their labouring Lungs, like heaving Bellows, ſtrain,
To ply that ever-working Forge, their Brain:
With inward Murmurs, croak *their* ſolemn Throats,
Hoarſe as the boding Raven's ruſty Notes:
Their very Cheeks, apt Emblems of their Mind;
Still big with Tempeſts of impriſon'd Wind.

Ver. 16. &c. *Thyeſtes—Progne—Glycon.*] *Glycon* was ſome wretched Tragedian of thoſe Times, who acted the Parts of *Atreus* and *Thyeſtes*; and accordingly repreſented both of them as eating their own Children. That horrid Entertainment is ſaid to have been prepared for *Atreus*, by his Wife *Progne*.

* See Sat. III. V. 197.

But no Bombaſt deforms *thy* natural Line;
Mild and familiar, is each Word of thine.
A juſt Connexion ſmooths thy nervous Page;
No Madneſs there, no mouthing empty Rage.
With happy Skill, knows thy Satiric Hand
The pale Offender's guilty Front to brand:
Thy well-bred Raillery, gives wholeſom Smart;
And mends the Morals, while it ſhames the Heart.

Thy Talent this: this ſtill do thou profeſs;
The bloody *tragic* Feaſt, let others dreſs:
Thee, the plain Follies of a *common* Board,
Much better ſuit, much fitter Theme afford.

Perſ. With pompous Traſh to ſwell the frothy Line,
Is not indeed, my Friend! What I deſign.
No noiſy Nothings ſtudious to indite,
To thee, *Cornutus*, thee alone I write.
Fain would the Muſe lay open to thy Teſt,
Each latent Thought, each Winding of my Breaſt:

There, to thy ſtricteſt View, diſcloſe my Heart,
And there ſhew *thee*; it's dearer, better Part.

O prove me thou! attentive ring the Ware;
And, from the Sound, the Veſſel's Worth declare.
Thou! ſkill'd to ſeparate Truth, from baſe Pretence;
And Flattery's Guile, from Friendſhip's honeſt Senſe!

For this alone, this dear delightful Taſk,
A hundred Voices, I, preſumptuous, aſk:
To pour out all my Soul, and thus expreſs
Thee deeply rooted in it's laſt Receſs.
Lock'd in my Breaſt, muſt elſe the Truth remain;
A Truth, *one* Tongue can ne'er enough explain.

Scarce had I quitted (free from infant Fears)
The *Purple*, Guardian of my tenderer Years;

Scarce,

Ver. 56, &c. The *Purple—Manly Gown—Bulla.*] The Habit worn by the younger Noblemen was edged about with a Border of *Purple*; an Ornament which had the Repute of being ſacred, and was therefore aſſigned to Children as a Sort of Preſervative. About the Age of 16 or 17 they laid aſide this Garment, and were inveſt-

 ed

Scarce, to my Patron *Image*, had I bore
The *Bulla*; pendant on myſelf, before;
(Privileg'd now, by Uſe of *manly Gown*,
To ranſack each lewd Corner of the Town;
Crowds of Aſſociates pointing out the Way,
Prompt to ſeduce me, Pleaſure's eaſy Prey)
Scarce, had I reach'd the ſlippery Point of Life,
Where Vice and Virtue wage a doubtful Strife;
Where Inexperience, flexile Youth betrays,
And leads it devious thro' her mazy Ways;
But lo, *Cornutus*, thy directing Hand
Sudden I ſought, I ſtoop'd to thy Command:
On thy *Socratic* Boſom, lay reclin'd;
While wholeſom Precepts form'd the liſtening Mind!

ed with the *Manly Gown*. At the ſame Time they parted likewiſe with another Enſign of their Youth, called the *Bulla*. This was a ſmall golden Medal, in the Shape of a Heart, and was worn upon the left Side of the Breaſt. Now in every Family, they placed as many little Images about their Houſhold Gods, as there were Sons in the Houſe: And when the *Bulla* was left off by the Youth, it was hung about the Neck of his reſpective Image. Hence *Petronius*, Lares *bullatos* ſuprà Menſam poſuerunt.

Theſe *Bullæ* came afterwards to be hung to the Diplomas of Emperors and Popes; from whence they have the Name of *Bulls*. Dr. *Aſhuth*. Tab.

Thy

Thy Standard Rule, with nice Addreſs apply'd,
Corrected every Thought, that warp'd aſide.
My Soul, by Reaſon's Force convicted ſtood,
It's Errors ſaw, and ſtrove to be ſubdu'd.
Thy abler Skill, ſubmiſſive, it obey'd;
It took the Stamp thy forming Finger made.
With *thee* I, frequent, paſs'd the pleaſing Day,
* ' While Summer-ſuns roll unperceiv'd away:'
With *thee*, while frugal Feaſts prolong'd Delight,
It's earlier Hours I borrow'd from the Night.
One were our Studies, and (thoſe Studies done)
As one our Labour, was our Leiſure one.
Whilſt inoffenſive, modeſt, Mirth's Allay,
Softned the Rigour of the ſerious Day.

Doubtleſs, at both our Births, one Planet roſe;
Such ſtrange Agreement both our Lives diſcloſe.
Haply, Fate bade the *Balance* then prevail;
Fate, weigh'd our Moments in that equal Scale.

* Mr. *Pope*'s Epiſtle to Mr. *Jervas*.

Haply, the *Twins* our kindred Hearts incline;
The faithful *Twins*, an ever-friendly Sign!
Perchance, ſtern *Saturn* might th' Aſcendant ſway;
Stern *Saturn*, temper'd by *Jove*'s milder Ray.
At leaſt, ſome Star unknown, our Minds controuls;
Some Star, 'tis ſure, in Union knits our Souls.

Thro' all the Kind, thro' Nature's numerous Sons,
Look; and you ſee no *general* Impulſe runs:
A different Biaſs in each Breaſt you trace;
You find the Brain as various as the Face.

One the prevailing Luſt of Wealth obeys;
He, *Roman* Wares to *Eaſtern* Climes conveys:
From *Eaſtern* Climes, wafts wrinkled Pepper home;
And *Cummin*'s ſpicy Seeds imports to *Rome*.
Cummin! that gives, more frequently than Greek,
A learned *Paleneſs*, to the Student's Cheek.

Luxu-

103. *Cummin that gives* &c.] The Seeds of *Cummin*, if taken
rdly, were ſaid to be of extraordinary Virtue for cauſing *Pale-*
And (according to ſome of the Commentators) certainly are ſo.

Luxúrious Eaſe, behold *another* chuſe! 105
Batt'ning lies he, in Slumber's balmy Dews.
The *Campus'* active Feats, a *Third* employ:
The Race, the Chariot, his ſupremeſt Joy.

This Spark, the frail conſuming Die devours;
While *That* diſſolves away in looſe Amours. 110

But ah, when jovial Health, at length, is flown,
And the Gout's chalky Knots cramp every Bone;
In every Limb, when crippling Tortures meet,
(Limbs! more like withered Boughs, than Hands and Feet)
How do the Wretches, then, too late lament 115
A Life in Darkneſs and in Error ſpent!

Inſomuch that, let a Lady (ſay they) after painting her Cheeks ever ſo *red*, ſwallow but a few Seeds of this Plant, and ſhe ſhall again become as *pale* as ſhe was before.

For this Purpoſe, it was uſed by the Ancients; eſpecially by ſuch Coxcombs as were deſirous of acquiring the Complexion, (in order to obtain the Reputation) of great Scholars. Thus *Pliny*, L. 20. C. 14. Veruntamen omne *Pallorem* bibentibus gignit. Ita certe ferunt *Porcii Latronis* clari inter Magiſtros dicendi, adſectatores, *Similitudinem coloris ſtudiis contracti imitatos*: and *Horace* Epiſt. 19. L. 1.

——— *quòd ſi*
Pallerem caſu, biberent exangue Cuminum.

What

What dire Remorſe excruciates, then, the Mind,
Then, when they view that Virtue they declin'd!

Thou other far: *thee* wiſer Joys engage:
Thy faded Cheek hangs o'er the midnight Page.
'Tis thine, the Soil of youthful Minds to weed:
Firſt clear the Ground, then ſow the *Stoic* Seed.

To this, ye Young! to this, ye old, attend;
From *hence*, be drawn ſome fix'd determin'd End.
Hence, for your Voyage, needful Stores prepare;
So ſhall ye ſail thro' Life, unknown to Care.

'*This we deſign; but till to-morrow ſtay.*'
You'll act to-morrow, as you act to-day.

'*May not we then, ſo ſhort a Truce procure?*
'*One Day can make no mighty Difference, ſure.*'

Much you miſtake: this Day, ſome Hours ago,
Was ſtyl'd to-morrow; now no longer ſo.

A freſh

A freſh to-morrow, every Day will riſe;
Till, in to-morrows, your Exiſtence flies.
Mark there, thoſe Chariot Wheels: how near they roll,
How near each other, on the ſelf-ſame *Pole!*
Yet join, they cannot—For, with even Speed,
The Wheels before, and Wheels behind, proceed.
The fooliſh Follower, thus *to-morrows* fly;
Ne'er to be over-taken, ever nigh.

Snatch then the *now*; incline the liſtening Ear
To *Stoic Leſſons*, while to-day is here.
Be Freedom thence, be thence *true* Freedom got:
That which your *Tribes* beſtow, avails ye not.
The Freedom *they* confer, each *Publius* too
(Each upſtart *Publius*) boaſts as well as you;
His Talley's Influence gives him to obtain,
As well as you, his Dole of ſcurvy Grain.
Oh, with what Madneſs muſt their Minds abound,
Who think a *Roman* made by turning round!

See

Ver. 150. A Roman made by *turning round.*] Mr. *Addiſon*, in his Dialogues, has taken Notice of the Beauty of this Paſſage:

See there that *Dama!* now, a worthleſs *Slave*,
Of knaviſh Muletiers the verieſt Knave!
Let but his Maſter one ſmall Twirl beſtow,
Plain *Dama*, ſtrait, ſhall MARCUS *Dama* grow.

Thou ſcrupulous Fool! afraid to lend thy Pelf!
Lo, the Security is Marcus' *ſelf!*

Marcus *ſits Judge: what, turn'ſt thou pale with Fears*
Of Wrong, when Marcus *on the Bench appears?*

'I cannot forbear (ſays *Cynthio*) repeating a Paſſage out of '*Perſius*, that, in my Opinion, turns the Ceremony of making a '*Freeman* very handſomely into Ridicule. It ſeems the clapping 'a *Cap* on his Head, and giving him a *Turn* on the Heel, were 'neceſſary Circumſtances. A *Slave* thus qualified became a *Citizen* '*of Rome*, and was honoured with a *Name* more than belonged to 'any of his Fore-fathers.'

Beſides the *Cap* and the *Turn* on the Heel, there were ſome other Circumſtances required in the Ceremony of Manumiſſion, which are likewiſe alluded to in this Satire: as the Prætor's and Lictor's Wand, V. 176. The Prætor laying a Wand upon the Slave's Head, ſaid, *I will that this Man become free*; and then delivered the Wand out of his own Hand into the Lictor's, V. 362. Then the Name of the Perſon thus admitted to Freedom was inrolled in one of the *Tribes*, and himſelf preſented with a *Ticket* that intitled him to all public Doles and Donations. This explains the Lines juſt preceding.

Did

Did Marcus *ſay 'twas Fact? then Fact it is:*
No Proof ſo valid, as a Word of his.

A legal Witneſs, lo, theſe Wills demand!
MARCUS, *be pleas'd to ſet your Worſhip's Hand.*
A Sample here, of perfect Freedom, ſee:
Thanks to our *Caps*, they make us charming free!

Dama. Nay Sir, who elſe ſhould Freedom ſtyle his own,
But he who leads a Life control'd by none?
That Life lead I—your Judgment, now, declare;
Now ſay, can *Brutus'* ſelf with *me* compare?

Perſ. Hear, my good Friend! the *Stoic* Sage reply:
The *Stoic* Sage (whoſe ſharpen'd mental Eye
Diſcerns each Object in the cleareſt Light)
Thus plainly proves thy reaſoning is not right:
'Who leads (ſays he) a Life control'd by none,
'That Man, we grant, may Freedom ſtyle his own:

'But

'But that *thou* lead'ſt a Life by none control'd,
'That we deny; that Logic will not hold.'

Da. Not hold! pray tell, what meant the *Prætor's*
Wand?
Why felt my Head his authorizing Hand?
Was not I thence, enabled to fulfil
Each varying Dictate of my Sovereign Will?
Provided always, that a decent Awe
Keeps me within the Bounds preſcrib'd by Law.

Per. Friend, to thy Error liſten: but compoſe
Thy Temper, firſt; ſmooth, firſt, thy ſneering Noſe:
Theſe old-Wives Tenets, will I ſoon refute,
And from thy Breaſt the *ancient Grannum* root.

Say then, this Freedom how didſt thou receive?
The *Prætor* give it! has it he to give?
Can he make Fools Life's nicer Duties know?
Can he the Freedom of the *Mind* beſtow?

Should

Should he (ſuppoſe) to ſome rough Soldier ſay,
'Lo there the Harp! 'tis I ordain it, play:
'With dextrous Skill, each ſweeteſt Note explore.'
Would not the Dolt ſtand artleſs as before?

Reaſon reclaims; her warning Accent hear:
'Tis thus ſhe whiſpers, to the ſecret Ear;
'Decline, fond Fools! your Enterprize decline,
'Unleſs your Talents ſecond your Deſign.'

The Laws of Man, and Nature too, command,
That what we practiſe, firſt we underſtand.
Should'ſt thou, or I, who never have been taught
To weigh the Powder, or to mix the Draught,
Preſcribe, at Random, *Hellebore* infus'd;
Would not Phyſicians deem their Art abus'd?

Or ſhould ſome thick-ſhod clumſey Clown, (who knows
No ſingle Star, of all the Hoſt that glows)

His

His Ploughman's Province wantonly disdain,
And rush an artless Pilot o'er the Main;
Would not the Sea-gods with Surprise exclaim,
And think the Race of Mortals dead to Shame?

Impartial, next, thy own dear self survey;
By the same Rules, thy Claim to Freedom weigh.

Thee, has Philosophy, sage Mistress! taught
The mighty Work, of living as we ought?
Know'st thou from Truth it's Semblance to disjoin?
The gilded Counter, from the sterling Coin.
Canst thou discern, by Reason's piercing Eye,
What Things to follow, and what Things to fly?
Hast thou to *these*, the Marks of Scorn assign'd?
To *those*, the fairer Stamp of Honour join'd?
Exceed not thy Desires their just Degree?
Holds the same humble Roof Content and Thee?
Do'st thou to Life's each social Law attend?
Art thou a faithful, a well-natur'd Friend?

Liv'ſt thou, as varying Seaſons may demand,
Now with a cloſe, and now an open Hand?

Fixt on the Ground, the glittering Money lies!
Canſt thou, untempted, paſs th' enſnaring Prize?
Canſt thou behold the Bait, yet not admire,
Nor with a watering Lip betray Deſire?

If thine, theſe Virtues thou canſt truly call,
Canſt fairly ſay, '*lo, I poſſeſs them all*;'
To grant thy Claim, ſhall *Prætors*, then, agree;
Nay *Jove* himſelf allow thee *wiſe* and *free*.

But if thy Manners, yet, no Change have known,
(Thine, which were, late, no better than my own)
If the ſame Outſide, if the ſame old Skin
Conceal the ſame old Vices, ſtill, within;

Ver. 227. *Fixt on the Ground* &c.] Alluding to a Practice among roguiſh Boys, who uſed to faſten a Piece of counterfeit Money down to the Ground, and then laughed at the miſtaken Miſer, who, imagining it to be real, would ſtoop to take it up.

In Triviis fixum cum ſe dimittit ob aſſem. *Horat.*

And while thy Face is gloſs'd with ſpecious Art,
The wily Pox lies lurking at thy Heart;
Then, back I draw the Length of Chain I gave,
And once again pronounce thee *Fool* and *Slave*.
Go, Sot! the ſmalleſt Action, go, eſſay;
The ſmalleſt Action ſhall thy Wants betray.
Yes, unleſs Reaſon be thy conſtant Rule,
Wag but a Finger, we deſcry the *Fool*.
Wiſdom and Folly, Nature's Laws divide:
Ne'er can a Grain of this, with that reſide.
Eternal Variance, Right and Wrong maintain;
To blend them, all thy Sacrifice were vain.
Can the rough Clown aſſume the Dancer's Grace?
Not in a ſingle Step——The ſame thy Caſe.

Dama. No, I am *free*. *Per*. Whence, whence do's it appear?
Thou *free*, o'er whom ſo many domineer?

Ver. 246. *Wag but a Finger*.] The *Stoics* maintained that in this Caſe there was no Medium; a Man muſt either be entirely wiſe, or entirely fooliſh. According to this Poſition, no one but *their wiſe Man*, was capable of performing as he ought, the moſt inconſiderable Action in Life; not even that of *moving a Finger*.

For

For Lords there are, there are, miſtaken Friend!
Whoſe Power, no manumitting Rod can end.

'Boy! (cries a Maſter) to the Baths repair:
'Away—begone,—and leave theſe Scrapers there:
'Fly, Loiterer, fly!—(adds he, in threatning Sounds)
'Fly, e'er the quickning Scourge thy Sides ſurrounds.'

Ay, this *(ſay you)* is Servitude indeed;
I own this Wretch a Slave; ſo far agreed.
But as to *me*, *me* no ſuch Motives urge;
I dread no Maſter's Threat, or Maſter's Scourge.

True; but thy Soul, thy ſubject Soul ſurvey:
There, there, alas! if inmate Tyrants ſway,
Are not thou, then, a Slave as arrant yet,
As he who dreads a Maſter's Scourge, and Threat?

Ver. 258. *Leave theſe Scrapers.*] *Strigil* was an Inſtrument made uſe of by the *Greeks* and *Romans* to ſcrape their Bodies, when they bathed. It's Figure may be ſeen in Mr. *Holiday*'s Juvenal, p. 58.

* As late thou lieſt, and ſnor'ſt the Morn away,
Lo *Avarice* comes! — '*Up Sluggard, up I ſay.*'
I can't; I'm ſleepy. '*That's a ſorry Plea;*
'*Wake, for Shame, wake.*' No, wake who will for me.
'*Once again, riſe.*' Why? wherefore? ſay, what Taſk
Awaits me riſen? — *Ideot, canſt thou aſk?*
'*Go, croſs the Seas; ſweet Intereſt's Call obey:*
'*To diſtant Regions ſpeed thy gainful Way.*
'*Thy Bark with Fiſh, Flax, Caſtor, Incenſe, ſtow;*
'*Fetch* Indias's *Ebon, fetch rich Wines from* Co.
'*To eaſe the Camel's Back, be thou the firſt;*
'*And cull his Spices, while he pants with Thirſt.*
'*To make thy Markets, pawn thy Word, thy Oath:*
'*Then, to thy Profits, ſacrifice them both.*'

But *Jove* o'er-hears the Perjuries of Men—
'*Thou conſcientious, ſniveling Knave! what then?*

* This Paſſage of *Perſius* is imitated by Monſieur *Boileau* in his 8th Satire; and recommended by Mr. *Addiſon* in his 55th *Spectator*.

280. *The Camel's Back.*] The Camel is, in *Arabia*, a Beaſt of Burden that helps to carry off it's Spices. *Perſius* loads him with *Pepper*, becauſe the Animal and it's Cargo are both the Productions of the ſame Country. *Addiſ. Med.*

'*If*

' *If thou canſt dream of keeping* Jove *thy Friend,*
' *Thy Fate I read — in Beggary 'twill end.*
' *Thy oft-lick'd Platter, ſoon th' Event will rue,*
' *Bor'd by thy hungry Finger, thro' and thro'.*

Well: to thy haſty Call, each Slave repairs,
Each Slave, on Board the needful Baggage bears:
While Winds and Waves ſwell eager to convey
The bulky Veſſel, o'er the watery Way.

In that nice Moment, who ſhould intervene,
But *Luxury?* ſeducive, ſubtle Queen.

' Madman! *(ſays ſhe)* where headlong wouldſt thou run?
' What do'ſt thou ſeek? What is it thou wouldſt ſhun?
' To calm thy Breaſt, and cool thy frantic Brain,
' All *Hemlock*'s Juices might eſſay in vain.

Ver. 299.] The Juice of *Hemlock* was counted cooling; (See Sat. IV. Ver. 3.) inſomuch that the Prieſts of *Ceres Eleuſina* (under ſtrict Injunctions of Chaſtity) were accuſtomed to beſmear their Bodies therewith, as an effectual Abater of venereal Appetites. *Ver. Schol.*

' Bleſs me! ſhalt *thou*, ſo tender, ſo refin'd,
' Shalt *thou* go tempt the warring Wave and Wind?
' Shalt *thou* go dine on *Sailors'* filthy Fare?
' A twiſted Cable, be thy eaſieſt Chair?
' From Cans, where Pitch it's nauſeous Savour joins,
' Befits it *thee*, to guzzle beaſtly Wines?
' Say, what's thy Aim? What Motive bids thee roam?
' Thy Money bears fair Intereſt, here at Home.
' A modeſt five per Cent. thou haſt *at Eaſe:*
' To make it ten, ſhalt thou go combat Seas?
' No, ſafe on Land, indulge thy genial Power:
' The Sweets of Life for us, Boy! — hang the Sour.
' Long as it flows with *my* bland Influence bleſt,
' 'Tis Life indeed: bare Breathing all the reſt.
' Soon wilt thou glide a Ghoſt for Goſſip's Chat;
' Be Duſt, vile Duſt—think, Mortal! think on that.
' E'en while I ſpeak, and this ſhort Counſel give,
' Grim Death advances—think on that, and *live*."

Thus thwarting Tyrants rend thee different Ways:
Well, what reſolv'ſt thou? ſpeak, which is it ſways?

A doubt-

A doubtful Homage, thou to each muſt pay;
Now this, now that, alternately obey.

Nay, tho' thou ſhould'ſt their haughty Threats withſtand,
And bravely, *once*, oppoſe their high Command,
Yet triumph not: ſay not, 'my Bands are broke,
'And I, no more, go ſubject to the Yoke.'
Alas, the ſtruggling Dog breaks looſe in vain,
Whoſe Neck ſtill drags along a trailing Length of Chain.

While to the Quick he bites his harmleſs Nails,
The *Cully-Lover* thus reſolves, and rails:

Ver. 326. *The ſtruggling Dog* &c.] This Alluſion is pleaſantly applied in *Hudibras*.

For tho' the Dame has been my Bail,
To free me from enchanted Jail;
Yet as a Dog, committed cloſe
For ſome Offence, by chance breaks looſe,
And quits his *Clog*; but all in vain,
He ſtill draws after him, his *Chain*;
So tho' my *Ankle* ſhe has quitted,
My *Heart* continues ſtill committed.

Cant. III. part. 2.

' Davus, *I will! (yes, deem me not in Jeſt)*
' *I will, will inſtant, tear her from my Breaſt.*
' *Long have I ſuffer'd reſtleſs Cares to rend*
' *This fooliſh, love-ſick Heart—but here they end.*
' *Gods! on a Strumpet, ſhall I waſte my Wealth?*
' *Ruin, at once, my Fortune, Credit, Health?*
' *On my Relations too, derive a Shame,*
' *And call down Scandal on their fairer Fame?*
' *No,* Chryſis, *no! no more at midnight Hours*
' *Reel I, to ſerenade your bawdy Bowers.*
' *No more whine I ſtarv'd Ditties in the Dark:*
' *No,* Chryſis, *no! you much miſtake your Spark.*'

That's my brave Maſter! be your ſelf, be wiſe,
And thank the Gods that open'd thus your Eyes.
Acknowledge ſtrait, their influencing Grace;
Bleed, bleed a Lamb this Inſtant on the Place.

' *But when ſhe finds me gone, for ever gone,*
' *Won't the fond Creature take moſt ſorely on?*

330. *Davus.*] The Name of a Servant.
338. *Chryſis.*] The Name of a Courtezan.

' *What*

' *What think'ſt thou,* Davus?'

Think I?—to be plain,
I think you trifling, and your Purpoſe vain.
Fear not her *takings on,* but rather dread
Her angry Slipper levell'd at your Head.
I warrant, Sir, ſhe'll teach you to beware
Gnawing the Net, and ſtruggling in the Snare.
Now, big you bluſter, in heroic Strain;
Come one kind Line, you melt a *Slave* again.
' Well, 'tis a puzzling Circumſtance, you cry;
' Shall I, my Heart! or ſhall I not comply?
' But for one parting Look, no more, ſhe ſues:
' And muſt I this, this laſt Requeſt refuſe?

Yes, of full *Freedom,* if you'd reign poſſeſt,
You muſt refuſe, refuſe this laſt Requeſt.
Perſ. Right, *Davus!* there's the Man, that happy he,
Whom, and whom only, I acknowledge *free.*
Who perſevere not, ſtill are actual *Slaves;*
Spite of the Wand an idle *Lictor* waves.

Next of the tyrant Train, to ſeize thee waits
Ambition; and diſplays her gilded Baits.

Enjoys he Freedom, who obeys *her* Laws?
Who follows eager, where ſhe tempting draws?
Go, Slave! (for ſuch thou art) quit Sleep and Eaſe!
Deal to the brangling Mob, thy Bribe of Peaſe!
With liberal Hand, thy Largeſſes beſtow,
Rich be the Feaſt, and ſumptuous be the Show:
So (while they creep, and baſk in noon-tide Heat)
Shall ſunny Seniors thy Applauſe repeat:
Give thee, for ſleepleſs Nights, and anxious Days,
(O rare Amends!) a Dotard's chatty Praiſe.

But *Herod*'s Feaſt returns!—How chang'd thou art?
Now *Superſtition* lords it o'er thy Heart.
Now Lamps with Violets deck'd, in Rows depend;
And from each Window greaſy Clouds aſcend:
Now the red Diſh, within its circling Rim,
Beholds the Tail of ſome poor Tunny ſwim.

Now

Now the white earthen Veſſel ſwells with Wine;
And thou, in Folly ſtand'ſt prepar'd to join.
Strictly obſervant of the *curtail'd Race*,
Lo thee, with Anguiſh brooding on thy Face:
Pale turns thy Cheek, with idle empty Frights;
While thy Lips move, and mutter *Jewiſh* Rites.

Next, the black Ghoſt thy Mind with Horrors fills;
And the crackt Egg-ſhell bodes a thouſand Ills.
The blinkard Prieſteſs awes, with timbrel'd Hand;
Fat Gelding-Prieſts, thy ſervile Soul command.
Dire Ills, it ſeems! their Gods denounce in Rage;
And Garlick only, can their Gods aſſwage.
Thrice then, each Morn, (for thrice the Powers direct)
Garlick thou nibbleſt, with devout Reſpect.

But here I end: for, dictate as I will,
Blockheads there are, who muſt be Blockheads ſtill.

Ver. 393. *Prieſteſs.*] That is to ſay, the Prieſteſs of the Goddeſs *Iſis:* who may be ſeen deſcribed with her *Timbrel*, in Mr. *Holid.* p. 246.

394. *Prieſts.*] Prieſts of *Cybele*, the *Phrygian* Goddeſs.

Yes, ſhou'd I vent in *Camps* theſe moral Strains,
How wou'd the *Hero-Tribe* applaud my Pains!
Each brawny Back, with Laughter ſtrait wou'd ſhake;
Each noble Captain, this Reply wou'd make:
' Jabber not, Friend! thy learned Jargon *here:*
' Do muſty Morals ſuit the *martial* Ear?
' *We* prize not, *we*, with all their ſenſeleſs Senſe,
' A hundred *Stoics* at a hundred Pence.

The End of the fifth SATIRE.

SATIRA QUINTA.

Perſius. VAtibus hic Mos eſt, centum ſibi poſcere Voces,
Centum Ora, et Linguas optare in Carmina centum:
Fabula ſeu mœſto ponatur hianda Tragœdo,
Vulnera ſeu *Parthi* ducentis ab Inguine Ferrum.

Cornutus. Quorſum hæc? aut quantas robuſti Carminis offas
Ingeris, ut par ſit centeno Gutture niti?
Grande locuturi, Nebulas Helicone legunto:
Si quibus aut *Prognes*, aut ſi quibus Olla *Thyeſtæ*
Fervebit, ſæpe inſulſo cœnanda *Glyconi*.
Tu neque anhelanti, coquitur dum Maſſa Camino,
Folle premis Ventos: nec, clauſo Murmure raucus,
Neſcio quid Tecum grave cornicaris ineptè:
Nec Scloppo tumidas intendis rumpere Buccas.

Verba

Verba Togæ ſequeris, Junctura callidus acri,
Ore teres modico: pallentes radere Mores
Doctus, et ingenuo Culpam defigere Ludo.
Hinc trahe quæ dicas: Menſaſque relinque *Mycenis*
Cum capite et Pedibus; plebeiaque Prandia noris.

Perſ. Non Equidem hoc ſtudeo, bullatis ut Mihi Nugis
Pagina turgeſcat, dare Pondus idonea Fumo.
Secreti loquimur: Tibi nunc, hortante Camœnâ,
Excutienda damus Præcordia: quantaque noſtræ
Pars tua ſit, *Cornute*, Animæ, Tibi (dulcis Amice)
Oſtendiſſe juvat. Pulſa, dignoſcere cautus
Quid ſolidum crepet, & pictæ Tectoria Linguæ.
His Ego centenas auſim depoſcere Voces:
Ut quantum mihi Te ſinuoſo in Pectore fixi,
Voce traham pura: totumque hoc Verba reſignent,
Quod latet arcana non enarrabile Fibrâ.

Cum primùm pavido cuſtos mihi Purpura ceſſit,
Bullaque ſuccinctis Laribus donata pependit;
Cum blandi Comites; totaque impune Suburrâ

Per-

Permisit sparsisse Oculos jam candidus Umbo:
Cumque Iter ambiguum est; &, Vitæ nescius, Error
Diducit trepidas ramosa in Compita Mentes;
Me Tibi supposui. Teneros Tu suscipis Annos,
Socratico, *Cornute*, sinu, Tunc fallere solers,
Apposita intortos extendit Regula Mores;
Et premitur Ratione Animus, vincique laborat;
Artificemque tuo ducit sub Pollice Vultum.
Tecum, etenim, longos memini consumere Soles;
Et, Tecum, primas Epulis decerpere Noctes.
Unum Opus, & Requiem pariter disponimus ambo;
Atque verecunda laxamus seria Mensâ.

Non Equidem hoc dubites, Amborum Fœdere certo
Consentire Dies, & ab uno sidere duci.
Nostra, vel, æquali suspendit Tempora *Librâ*
Parca tenax veri: Seu, nata fidelibus Hora
Dividit in *Geminos* concordia Fata Duorum:
Saturnumque gravem nostro *Jove* frangimus unâ.
Nescio quod, certè est quod Me Tibi temperat, Astrum.

Mille

Mille Hominum ſpecies, & Rerum diſcolor Uſus:
Velle ſuum, cuique eſt; Nec voto vivitur uno.
Mercibus Hic Italis mutat, ſub Sole recenti,
Rugoſum Piper, & pallentis Grana Cumini:
Hic, ſatur, irriguo mavult turgeſcere ſomno;
Hic Campo indulget: Hunc Alea decoquit: Ille
In Venerem putret. Sed cum lapidoſa Chiragra
Fregerit Articulos, veteris Ramalia Fagi;
Tunc craſſos tranſiſſe Dies, Lucemque paluſtrem,
Et ſibi jam ſeri Vitam ingemuere relictam.

At *Te* nocturnis juvat impalleſcere Chartis.
Cultor enim Juvenum, purgatas inferis Aures
Fruge *Cleanthea.* Petite hinc, Juveneſque Seneſque,
Finem Animo certum, miſeriſque Viatica canis.

'Cras Hoc fiet.' Idem Cras fiet. 'Quid! quaſi magnum
'Nempe Diem donas?' Sed cum Lux altera venit,
Jam Cras heſternum conſumpſimus: Ecce aliud Cras
Egerit hos Annos, & ſemper paulum erit ultra.

Nam

Nam quamvis prope Te, quamvis Temone ſub uno,
Vertentem ſeſe, fruſtrà ſectabere Canthum;
Cum rota poſterior curras, & in Axe ſecundo.

Libertate opus eſt: non hâc, quâ, ut Quiſque *Velinâ*
Publius emeruit, ſcabioſum Teſſerula Far
Poſſidet. Heu ſteriles Veri, Quibus una Quiritem
Vertigo facit!—Hîc *Dama* eſt, non treſſis Agaſo;
Vappa & lippus, & in tenui Farragine mendax:
Verterit Hunc Dominus, Momento Turbinis exit
Marcus *Dama*.——Papæ! Marco ſpondente, recuſas
Credere Tu Nummos?—Marco ſub Judice palles?
—Marcus dixit? ita eſt.—Affigna, Marce, Tabellas.—
Hæc mera Libertas! Hoc nobis Pilea donant!

‘ An quiſquam eſt alius liber, niſi ducere Vitam
‘ Cui licet, ut voluit? licet, ut volo, vivere: non ſum
‘ Liberior *Bruto!*’ Mendosè colligis, inquit,
Stoicus Hic, Aurem mordaci lotus Aceto:
Hoc reliquum accipio; *licet illud*, et, *ut volo*, tolle.

‘ Vindicta poſtquàm meus a Prætore recedit,
‘ Cur mihi non liceat, juſſit quòdcunque Voluntas;
‘ Excepto, ſi quid *Maſuri* Rubrica notavit?’

Diſce; ſed Ira cadat Naſo, rugoſaque Sanna,
Dum veteres Avias Tibi de Pulmone revello.

Non Prætoris erat, ſtultis dare tenuia Rerum
Officia; atque uſum rapidæ permittere Vitæ.
Sambucam citius caloni aptaveris alto.
Stat contrà Ratio, et ſecretam garrit in Aurem,
Ne liceat facere id, quod quis vitiabit agendo.
Publica Lex Hominum, Naturaque continet hoc Fas,
Ut teneat vetitos Inſcitia debilis Actus.
Diluis Helleborum, certo compeſcere Puncto
Neſcius Examen: vetat hoc Natura medendi.
Navem ſi poſcat ſibi peronatus Arator,
Luciferi rudis; exclamet *Melicerta* periſſe
Frontem de Rebus.—Tibi recto vivere Talo
Ars dedit? et Veri Speciem dignoſcere calles,
Ne qua ſubærato mendoſum tinniat Auro?

Quæ-

Quæque ſequenda forent, quæque evitanda viciſſim,
Illa prius Creta, mox hæc carbone notaſti?
Es modicus Voti? preſſo Lare? dulcis Amicis?
Jam nunc aſtringas, jam nunc Granaria laxes?
Inque Luto fixum, poſſis tranſcendere Nummum,
Nec Glutto ſorbere Salivam Mercurialem?

Hæc mea ſunt, teneo; cum verè dixeris; eſto
Liberque ac ſapiens, Prætoribus ac Jove dextro.

Sin Tu, cum fueris noſtræ paulo ante Farinæ,
Pelliculam veterem retines; et, Fronte politus,
Aſtutam vapido ſervas ſub Pectore Vulpem:
Quæ dederam ſupra repeto, funemque reduco.
Nil Tibi conceſſit Ratio, Digitum exere, peccas.
Et quid tam parvum eſt? Sed nullo Thure litabis,
Hæreat in Stultis brevis ut Semuncia Recti.
Hæc miſcere, Nefas: Nec cum ſis cætera Foſſor
Tres tantum ad Numeros Satyri moveare *Bathylli*.
'Liber Ego.' Unde datum hoc ſumis, tot ſubdite
Rebus?

An Dominum ignoras, nisi Quem Vindicta relaxat? 125
I Puer, & Strigiles *Crispini* ad Balnea defer,
Si increpuit, cessas Nugator?—Servitium acre—
Te Nihil impellit; nec Quicquam extrinsecus intrat,
Quod Nervos agitet——Sed si intus, & in Jecore ægro
Nascantur Domini, quî Tu impunitior exis 130
Atque Hic, quem ad Strigiles Scutica & Metus egit herilis?

Mane piger stertis. 'Surge, inquit *Avaritia:* eja
'Surge.'—negas. 'Instat, surge inquit.' Non queo.
'Surge.'
Et quid agam? 'rogitas? Saperdas advehe Ponto,
'Castoreum, Stuppas, Hebenum, Thus, lubrica Coa.
'Tolle recens, primus, Piper e sitiente Camelo. 136
'Verte aliquid, jura.' Sed Jupiter audiet. 'Eheu,
'Baro! regustatum Digito terebrare Salinum,
'Contentus perages, Si vivere cum Jove tendis.'

Jam Pueris Pellem succinctus, & œnophorum aptas,
Ocius ad Navem. Nihil obstat quin Trabe vastâ 141

Ægæum

Ægæum rapias, niſi ſolers *Luxuria* ante
Seductum moneat; ‘ Quo deinde, inſane, ruis? Quo?
‘ Quid Tibi vis? calido ſub Pectore, maſcula Bilis
‘ Intumuit, quam non extinxerit Urna Cicutæ.
‘ *Tun'* Mare tranſilias? *Tibi*, torta Cannabe fulto,
‘ Cœna ſit in Tranſtro? Vejentanumque Rubellum
‘ Exhalet, vapida læſum Pice, feſſilis Obba?
‘ Quid petis? Ut Nummi, quos hìc Quincunce modeſto
‘ Nutrieras, pergant avidos ſudare Deunces?
‘ Indulge Genio: carpamus dulcia; noſtrum eſt
‘ Quod vivis: Cinis, & Manes, & Fabula fies.
‘ Vive memor Lethi: fugit Hora: hoc quod loquor,
inde eſt.’

En quid agis? duplici in diverſum ſcinderis Hamo.
Hunccine, an hunc, ſequeris? ſubeas alternus oportet,
Ancipiti Obſequio, Dominos: alternus oberres.

Nec Tu, cum obſtiteris ſemel, inſtantique negaris
Parere Imperio, ‘ *rupi* jam vincula,’ dicas.

Nam & luctata Canis Nodum abripit: attamen Illi,
Cum fugit, a Collo trahitur Pars longa Catenæ.

Dave, citò, hoc credas jubeo, finire Dolores
Præteritos meditor: [crudum *Chæreſtratus* unguem
Abradens, ait hæc] An ſiccis Dedecus obſtem
Cognatis? An Rem patriam, Rumore ſiniſtro,
Limen ad obſcœnum, frangam? dum Chrysidis udas
Ebrius ante Fores, extincta cum Face canto?

Euge, Puer, ſapias: Diis depellentibus Agnam
Percute. Sed cenſen' plorabit, Dave, relicta?
Nugaris: ſolea, puer, objurgabere rubrâ,
Ne trepidare velis, atque arctos rodere Caſſes.
Nunc ferus, & violens: at ſi vocet, haud mora dicas,
'Quidnam igitur faciam? Ne nunc, cum accerſat, et ultro
'Supplicet, accedam?' *Si totus, & integer, illinc*
Exieras, nec nunc. Hic, hic, quem quærimus, hic eſt:
Non in Feſtuca, Lictor quam jactat ineptus.

Jus

Jus habet Ille ſui, Palpo quem ducit hiantem
Cretata *Ambitio?* Vigila, & Cicer ingere largè
Rixanti Populo, noſtra ut Floralia poſſint
Aprici meminiſſe Senes! quid pulchrius?—At cum
Herodis venere Dies, unctaque Feneſtrâ
Diſpoſitæ, pinguem Nebulam vomere Lucernæ,
Portantes Violas; rubrumque amplexa Catinum,
Cauda natat Thynni, tumet alba Fidelia Vino;
Labra moves tacitus, recutitaque Sabbata palles.
Tunc nigri Lemures, Ovoque Pericula rupto:
Hinc grandes Galli, & cum Siſtro luſca Sacerdos,
Incuſſêre Deos inflantes Corpora, ſi non
Prædictum, ter Mane, Caput guſtaveris Allî.

Dixeris hæc inter varicoſos Centuriones:
Continuò craſſum ridet *Vulſenius* ingens,
Et centum Græcos curto Centuſſe licebit.

Finis QUINTÆ SATIRÆ.

THE SIXTH SATIRE OF *PERSIUS.*

To CÆSIUS BASSUS, a Lyric Poet.

The ARGUMENT.

THE Studious among the Romans, *usually retired from* Rome, *about the Beginning of Winter, to apply themselves with the greater Attention to their* Lucubrations. *For this Purpose, both* Perſius *and* Baſſus *ſeem now to have retreated to their reſpective Country-Houſes: the firſt to his, at the Port of* Luna, *in* Liguria; *the latter to his, in the Territories of the* Sabines. *Thither* Perſius *addreſſes this Epiſtolary Satire: beginning with ſome Inquiries concerning his* Friend's *preſent manner of Life, and then proceeding*

ceeding to an Account of his own. He deſcribes himſelf in his Retirement, as quite undiſquieted, with regard to Cares or Paſſions: and with Reſpect to Expence, not profuſe, nor yet parſimonious. Thence he adviſes others, to make a free Uſe of their Fortunes, likewiſe: deeming nothing ſo abſurd as the Folly of thoſe Wretches, who ſtarve themſelves, to enrich their Succeſſors.

HAS Winter drawn thee, ſay, Poetic Friend,
To ſeek that Warmth thy *Sabine* Chimnies lend?
Wakes, to thy ſolemn Quill, th'obedient Lyre,
And vibrates into Life each warbling Wire?
Say, mighty Maſter! *Thou* whoſe Art alone,
Could teach the *Roman* String a manlier Tone!

Majeſtic, *now*, thy towering Numbers ſoar,
And all Creation's wondrous Works explore:
Next, the gay Theme thy ſprightlier Notes employs,
And ſportive Lyrics paint our *youthful* Joys:
Strait, hoary Chiefs thy honouring Hand engage,
And the chang'd Song recounts the Praiſe of *Age*.

Ver. 3. *Quill* &c.] They played upon the Harp with a Quill or Stick, as we do upon the Dulcimer.

Mean-

Mean-time, I winter on the ſhelter'd Shores,
Where my *Liguria*'s Sea, tempeſtuous, roars:
Where riſing Cliffs on either Side are ſeen,
While Sands extend their level Vales, between.

O Luna, *lovely Port!* thy Fame remains
Recorded erſt, in *Ennius*' deathleſs Strains,
Strains! in the Mould of ſober Reaſon caſt,
When all his *tranſmigrating Dreams* were paſt.

Whether the Mob applaud me, or decry,
In this Retreat, alike regardleſs I:
Regardleſs I, though *Auſter*'s ſultry Breath,
To thin my Folds, prepare infectious Death:
Though my next Neighbour boaſt a richer Spot,
Regardleſs I, behold his luckier Lot.
Nay, and though others too, as well as he,
Exchange for Fortune's Heights, their low Degree;
Yet will not I breath one repining Wiſh,
Nor baulk my Table of a ſingle Diſh:

Ver. 14. *Where my Liguria's Sea, &c.*] See Monſ. *Bayle*'s Life of the Author hereto prefixed.

Nor

Nor to my Noſe, one dreggy Flaggon thruſt,
To ſee the Seal ſtand faithful to it's Truſt.
No, no, not I—I will not Health impair,
Nor haſten ſhriveling Age, by carking Care.

My Notion this: but, doubtleſs, you may find
Another Man with quite another Mind.
Twins, themſelves, differ; on whoſe natal Hour
The ſame *Aſcendant* ſhed it's equal Power.

One, (an Exceſs, to common Days unknown;
Such, as his Birth-day juſtifies alone)
In a ſmall Cup, a paltry Pickle buys,
And dips each wither'd Herb with anxious Eyes:
His ſacred Pepper-box, none elſe may touch;
A graceleſs Cook might uſe a Grain too much.

Not ſo his Brother: *HE*, a jovial Soul,
HE guttles down luxuriouſly his whole.

I, I will uſe, will uſe *my* Fortune too;
But with Reſtriction, not as Spendthrifts do.
Ne'er ſhall *my* Board ſee ſumptuous Turbots dreſt,
And ſpread profuſely, to the freed-man Gueſt:
Ne'er ſhall *my* Tongue be taught by coſtly Uſe,
To tell the *Female* Thruſh's ſubtler Juice.

Who ſquander, or who hoard, alike miſtake:
Mark *thou* thy Income; that, thy Meaſure make.
Live to thine utmoſt Sheaf; grind, never ſpare;
Drain every Barn—for, why ſhould'ſt thou forbear?
'Tis but to plough, to harrow, as before;
Up comes another Crop, as much or more.

' But if I, thus, each annual Income ſpend,
' How ſhall I, then, relieve the Ship-wreck'd Friend?

Ver. 52. *Thruſh's Sex.*] Theſe Birds (in Latin called *Turdi*, and in Engliſh commonly tranſlated *Thruſhes*) were in great Reputation as Delicacies. A Man of elegant Diſcernment would tell, at firſt Taſte, whether the Bird he was eating, was of the *Male* or of the *Female* Kind: but the Juices of the *latter*, were judged to be rather the more exquiſite.

' See there, his Ship receives the fatal Shock!
' Himself, see, crawling up the rugged Rock!
' No friendly God comes piteous to his Call,
' No timely Hand to save his sinking All.
' *Now*, on the Shore, that echoes with his Cries,
' On the cold dreary Shore—outstretch'd he lies.
' Round him, each *tutelary Figure* see,
' Torn from the Vessel, and distress'd as he!

Ver. 67.—*Each tutelary Figure.*] " I am apt to think (says *Eugenius*) from certain Passages of the Poets, that several Ships made " choice of some God or other for their Guardians, as among the " *Roman* Catholics every Vessel is recommended to the Patronage " of some particular Saint. The Figure of the Deity was very " large, and stood on one End of the Vessel that it patronised. " This may give us an Image of a very beautiful Circumstance that " we meet with in a Wreck described by *Persius* &c.———I have " often wondered at Mr. *Dryden* for passing so severe a Censure on " this Author. He fancies this Description of a Wreck, is too " good for *Persius*, and that he might be helped in it, by *Lucan*, " who was one of his Contemporaries. For my Part (says *Cynthio*) " I am so far from Mr. *Dryden*'s Opinion in this Particular, that I " fancy *Persius* a better Poet than *Lucan*: And that had he been " engaged on the same Subject, he would at least in his Expressions " and Descriptions have out-writ the *Pharsalia*. He was indeed " employed on Subjects that seldom led him into any thing like " Description, but where he has an Occasion of shewing himself, " we find very few of the *Latin* Poets that have given a greater " Beauty to their Expressions. His Obscurities are indeed some- " times affected, but they generally arise from the Remoteness " of the Customs, Persons and Things he alludes to—" See " Mr. *Addison*'s Dial. on Medals: p. 72 and 141.

' The

' The ſhatter'd Veſſel; on whoſe ſever'd Sides
' The Cormorant ſports, the Mew triumphant rides.'

Thou then in Time, left pennyleſs he go
• Bearing his pictur'd Ship, relieve his Woe.
Is *Money* wanting, for the generous End?—
Sell, ſell ſome *Land*; and ſo ſupport thy Friend.

' O but my *Heir*——if I curtail the leaſt,
' That Rogue deducts it in my funeral Feaſt:
' Conſigns my Bones, perfumeleſs, to their Urn;
' At beſt, makes muſty Spices ſerve the Turn.
' With deadning Gums th'adulterate *Caſſia* join'd,
' Each Aromatic Atom has reſign'd;

• See Verſe 195. of the firſt Satire.

Ver. 77. *Conſigns my Bones, perfumeleſs.*] The Expences of the Dead were in this Article very extravagant. On *Sylla*'s funeral Pile were caſt a hundred and ten Biers of *Spices* (which conſidering the Dearneſs of that Commodity at *Rome*, muſt have amounted to a vaſt Sum) beſides his own and his *Lictor*'s Statue, made of Incenſe and Cinnamon as large as the Life. See *Plutarch*'s *Sylla*.

Nero, at *Poppea*'s Funeral, burnt more *Cinnamon* and *Caſſia*, than the whole yearly Product of *Arabia*. Arbuth. Tabl. Moreover, the Friends of the Deceaſed uſually obliged the People with a public Treat.

' It's

' It's every Sweet, the *Cinnamon* has loſt,
' Refuſe of Shops——thinks he, *the leſs the Coſt.*
' *You, who ſold* Land, *expect you Drugs of Price?*
' *No, no, your Carcaſe muſt not be ſo nice.*

' Next, *Beſſus* rails—' Ay, this has been the Trade,
' Since firſt thoſe ſcholard *Greeks* their Entrance made.
' Pack'd up with Dates and Pepper, here they throng,
' And ſhip their damn'd *Philoſophy*, along.
' When once this foreign Foppery got to Town,
' Old *Roman* Plainneſs would no longer down.
' Then Ploughmen truly! could no longer eat,
' Without rich Oils to ſpoil their wholeſome Meat.'

Friend, let him rail: when thou art turn'd to Clay,
Matters it what ſurviving Blockheads ſay?

Then, for thy *Heir*—admit, he proves unjuſt;
Grudges due Honours, and defrauds thy Duſt:
On this poor Pretext, ſhalt thou, *living*, dread
The want of funeral Frippery, when *dead?*

Were

Were the Caſe mine, I honeſtly declare,
Thus flat and plain, would I addreſs *my* Heir:

' You (*Jove* knows whom) that gape for my Deceaſe,
' Draw near: a Word in private, if you pleaſe.
' Here's glorious News, it ſeems, arriv'd to-day:
' Have not you heard, Sir, what th'Expreſſes ſay?
' The laurel'd Letter ſpeaks our *Chieftain* great:
' Speaks *Cæſar*'s Conqueſt, *Germany*'s Defeat.
' Our Altars, lo, their duſtleſs Hearths diſplay!
' Lo, their cold Aſhes all are ſwept away!
' Our *Empreſs* has declar'd her royal Will;
' Our ready Marſhals her Beheſts fulfil.
' E'en now, they bid triumphal Pillars riſe,
' And glad with regal Spoils our wondering Eyes:
' E'en now, they change the hapleſs Captive's Dreſs,
' And make dark Frize his humbled State expreſs.

Ver. 106. *Cæſar*'s Conqueſt.] Tho' *Caligula*'s Expedition ended in nothing more than a farcical gathering of Cockle Shells upon the Sea-ſhore, yet in the Advices he diſpatched to *Rome*, he demanded a Triumph as for a formal Victory. See *Suetonius*.

' Here,

' Here, they rank hoſtile Chariots; there, ordain
' Huge *German* Slaves to drag th'unwilling Chain.
' Then, to find Fencers, I my ſelf engage;
' A hundred Pair, I bring upon the Stage.
' A large Expence; but how, for ſuch Succeſs,
' How can I give the *Gods*, or *Cæſar*'s Genius leſs?
' What I decree, Who dares oppoſe?—dare *you?*
' Look to't—'tis at your Peril, if you do.
' Nay, fuller yet my Raptures to declare,
' A Dole, beſide, the Populace ſhall ſhare.
' To *this* object you?—come, ſpeak out—be free—
Object! no ſure, Sir, it becomes not me.
' Extremely civil this! good Reaſon why;
' How fair thoſe Fields! how tempting do they lie!

But as for *Heirs*, ſuppoſe I had not One;
Aunts, Uncles, Nephews, Nieces, dead and gone.
Of each dear Relative, thus quite bereft
(Not e'en my Grannum's Couſin's Couſin left
Away walk I; it may be, to *Bovill*,
Or where *Aricia* tops the neighbouring Hill;

Lo *Manius*, at the Stand of Beggars, there!—
For one Word's ſpeaking, *He* will be my Heir.
'*An upſtart Wretch!—A Son of Earth!* you cry:
'*Make* him *your Heir?*'—Why not, Sir, tell me why?
'*His Race, his Sire, is utterly unknown.*'
Four Generations backward, ſo's my own.
No, who was mine, I could inform you too:
But 'twere, in troth, as much as I could do.
One Degree more, trac'd upwards from my Birth,
Makes *my* Fore-father too, a *Son of Earth.*
To *him* related, may this *Manius* be;
To *him* related, and of Courſe to *me.*

'But *you*, it ſeems, plead ſtill the *nearer* Merit—'
However let *me* die, e're *you* inherit.
Wave your Pretenſions, till the Courſe be done;
Who claims the *Torch*, e're yet the Race is run?

Ver. 150. Who claims the *Torch.*] At a Feſtival inſtituted by the *Athenians* in Honour of *Vulcan*, there was a Race run by young Men with lighted *Torches* in their Hands. He who took his Turn firſt, delivered the *Torch* to the ſecond; and the ſecond, in like Manner, to the third. The Victory was his that carried the *Torch lighted*, to the End of the Race. See *Pott. Græc. Antiq.* P. 399.

Here,

Here, like the *God of Gain*, behold I ſtand;
As he's deſcrib'd in Picture, Bag in Hand!
Refuſe you, ſay, or deign you to receive,
The Fortune I was left, and I can leave?

'Tis ſomewhat ſunk, you ſurely muſt allow;
'Here can't be all'—Here's all remaining now:
The reſt, I us'd—But, what thou ſee'ſt is thine;
Then thankful take it, and ne'er once repine.
Let *me* no Murmurings hear; nor idle Prate
Of this, or that, or t'other, *ſpent* Eſtate.
Say not one Word of *Tadius*, and the Sum
By him bequeath'd; but prudently be dumb.
Call *me* to no Account; nor dare to teach
Me ſaving Leſſons, ſuch as Fathers preach:
Son! put your Fortune out to Uſe, be-ſure:
The Product ſpend, the Principal ſecure.

'Well, on that Head, I ſpare my fruitleſs Pains;
'*How much remains* tho', let me aſk,'—Remains!

Oil, oil, my Slave! nor longer boggling ſtand:
Oil, oil my Hirſute with liberal, lavish Hand.
What! ſhall a Swine's inſipid, leathery Ear,
And Smoak-dry'd Snout, compoſe my conſtant Cheer?
Nay, with boil'd Nettles garniſh'd round, compleat
My genial Holy-Day's moſt jovial Treat?
Gods! ſhall I ſtarve, on ſuch poor pinch-gut Fare,
I ſtarve *my-ſelf*, to pamper up my *Heir*?
To make a Raice-hell Rogue in Dainties deal,
And cram with *Goose's Liver*, every Meal?
Then have his high-born Whore, at once to drain
His ſwelling Pockets, and his throbbing Vein?
Shall I, forſooth, become meer Bones and Skin,
A creeping Skeleton, ſo weak, ſo thin!
That He, in State, triumphantly may ſtrut,
Behind a prieſtly Paunch, and ſwaggy Gut?

Ver. 178. *Goose's Liver.*] This was eſteemed by the *Romans* a moſt delicious Morſel. They had a Method of cramming the Animal with a certain Food (in which Figs were the main Ingredient) that made the Liver grow to an amazing Size. Who was the happy Diſcoverer of ſo worthy a Receipt (whether it was *Scipio Metellus* a Man of conſular Dignity, or *Marcus Seſtius* a *Roman* Knight) *Pliny* himſelf will not undertake to ſay. Lib. 10. c. 22.

Yes

Yes ſure, thy Riches let no Bounds reſtrain;
Sell, my Friend, ſell thy very Soul for Gain.
Yes, that thy *Heir* may grand Poſſeſſions boaſt,
Sail *thou* the World around; ſift every Coaſt,
Cull every Mart: Nay, practiſe every Guile,
Each lucrative Deceit, and wholeſom Wile.
Thy very Fellow-Creatures, buy and ſell;
Cage the convenient Knaves, and ſtuff them well.
Let none ſurpaſs thee in the vending Knack:
Let thy Palm learn the recommending Thwack,
To clap the Side, and praiſe the brawny Back.
Then count thy Gains; and double then thy Store.
'—'Tis done; 'tis three—'tis five—'tis ten-times more,
Where muſt I ſtop?—Fix, fix the Point of Reſt,
Chryſippus, Thou, with Art peculiar bleſt!
Thou, who could'ſt, once, ſo happily aſſign
Bounds to *thy* HEAP, Now limit this of *Mine!*

Ver. 198. *Chryſippus* his *Heap.*] This Philoſopher took abundance of fruitleſs Pains to find out the Solution of a Sophiſm, which, from it's conſiſting of an *HEAP* of Interrogations, was called *Sorites*: *Chryſippus* could deviſe no better Expedient than to anſwer only to a certain Number of theſe Interrogations, and then to be ſilent. (*Cic. Academ.* L. 4. c. 28.) which notable Artifice of his, *Perſius* I ſuppoſe is here deriding.

The End of the ſixth SATIRE.

SATIRA SEXTA.

Ad *CÆSIUM BASSUM.*

ADmovit jam Bruma Foco Te, *BASSE, Sabino?*
Jamne Lyra, & tetrico vivunt Tibi Pectine Chordæ?
Mirè Opifex, Numeris, veterum Primordia Rerum,
Atque marem ſtrepitum Fidis intendiſſe Latinæ;
Mox juvenes agitare Jocos; et, Pollice honeſto,
Egregios luſiſſe Senes!—Mihi nunc *Ligus* Ora
Intepet, hybernatque meum Mare; quà Latus ingens
Dant ſcopuli, & multa littus ſe Valle receptat.
' *Lunaï Portum, eſt Operæ cognoſcere, Cives.*'
Cor jubet hoc Ennî; poſtquam deſtertuit eſſe
Mæonides, quintus Pavone ex Pythagoreo.

Hîc Ego ſecurus Vulgi, et quid præparet Auſter
Infelix Pecori: ſecurus &, Angulus ille

Vicini,

Vicini, noſtro quia pinguior. Et ſi adeò omnes
Diteſcant orti pejoribus, uſque recuſem
Curvus ob id minui Senio, aut cœnare ſine Unctо;
Et Signum in vapida Naſo tetigiſſe Lagenâ.

Diſcrepet his Alius. Geminos, Horoſcope, varo
Producis Genio. Solis Natalibus, eſt quî
Tingat Olus ficcum Muria, vafer, in Calice emptâ;
Ipſe ſacrum irrorans Patinæ Piper. Hic Bona dente
Grandia magnanimus peragit Puer.—Utar Ego, utar:
Nec Rhombos, ideò, Libertis ponere lautus;
Nec tenuem ſolers Turdarum noſſe Salivam.

Meſſe tenus propria vive; et Granaria (fas eſt)
Emole; quid metuas? occa, et Seges altera in Herbâ eſt.

' At vocat Officium. Trabe rupta, *Bruttia* Saxa
' Prendit Amicus inops: Remque omnem, ſurdaque
Vota,
' Condidit *Ionio:* jacet Ipſe in Littore, et unà
' Ingentes de Puppe Dei; jamque obvia Mergis,

' Coſta

‘ Costa Ratis laceræ.’—Nunc, et de Cespite vivo,
Frange aliquid; largire inopi; ne pictus oberret
Cæruleâ in Tabula. ‘ Sed Cœnam Funeris Hæres
‘ Negliget, iratus quod Rem curtaveris: Urnæ
‘ Ossa inodora dabit: seu spirent Cinnama surdum,
‘ Seu Ceraso peccent Casiæ, nescire paratus.
‘ *Tunc Bona incolumis minuas?*—Sed Bestius urget
‘ Doctores Graios: *Ita fit, postquam sapere Urbi,*
‘ *Cum Pipere & Palmis, venit: nostrum hoc, Maris expers!*
‘ *Fœnisecæ crasso vitiarunt Unguine Pultes.*’

Hæc Cinere ulterior metuas? At Tu, meus Hæres
Quisquis eris, paulum a Turba seductior audi:

O Bone, num ignoras? missa est a *Cæsare* Laurus,
Insignem ob Cladem Germanæ pubis; et Aris
Frigidus excutitur Cinis: Ac jam postibus Arma,
Jam Chlamydas Regum, jam lutea Gausapa captis,
Essedaque ingentesque locat *Cæsonia* Rhenos.
Diis igitur, Genioque Ducis, centum Paria, ob Res
Egregiè gestas, induco. Quis vetat? aude.

Væ,

Væ, nisi connives—Oleum Astocreasque Popello
Largior: An prohibes? dic clare. *Nec adeo*, inquis:
Exossatus ager juxta est. Age, si mihi nulla
Jam reliqua ex Amitis; Patruelis nulla; Proneptis
Nulla manet; Patrui sterilis Matertera vixit;
Deque Avia nihilum supereſt: Accedo Bovillas,
Clivumque ad Virbî; præsto est mihi *Manius* Hæres.
'Progenies Terræ'—Quære ex Me, quis mihi quartus
Sit Pater; haud promptè, dicam tamen. Adde etiam Unum,
Unum etiam, Terræ est jam Filius: et mihi Ritu,
Manius hic, Generis, propè major Avunculus exit.
Qui prior es, cur Me *in Decursu* Lampada poscas?
Sum Tibi *Mercurius:* venio Deus huc Ego, ut Ille
Pingitur. An renuis? vin' Tu gaudere relictis?
'Deest aliquid Summæ.' Minui Mihi: Sed Tibi totum est,
Quicquid id est. Ubi sit, fuge quærere, quod Mihi quondam
Legarat *Tadius:* neu Dicta repone paterna:
Fœnoris accedat Merces; hinc exime sumptus.

' Quid reliquum est ?' reliquum ? Nunc, nunc impensius unge,
Unge, Puer, Caules. Mihi, festa Luce, coquatur
Urtica, et fissâ fumosum Sinciput Aure;
Ut tuus iste Nepos, olim, satur Anseris Extis,
Cum morosa vago singultiet Inguine Vena,
Patriciæ immeiat Vulvæ ? Mihi Trama Figuræ
Sit reliqua ? ast Illi tremat Omento popa Venter ?

' Vende Animam Lucro; mercare; atque excute solers
Omne Latus Mundi. Ne fit præstantior alter,
' Cappadocas rigida pingues plausisse Catastâ.
' Rem duplica.' Feci. jam triplex; jam mihi quartò,
Jam decies redit in Rugam. Depunge ubi sistam,
Inventus, *Chrysippe*, tui Finitor Acervi!

FINIS.

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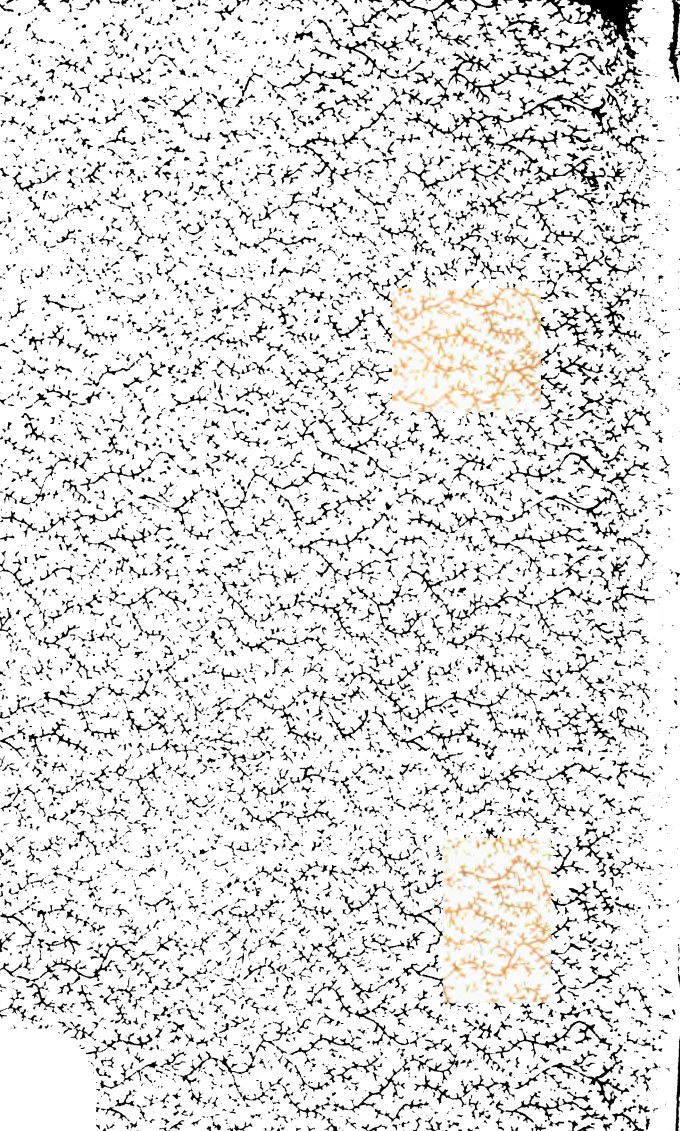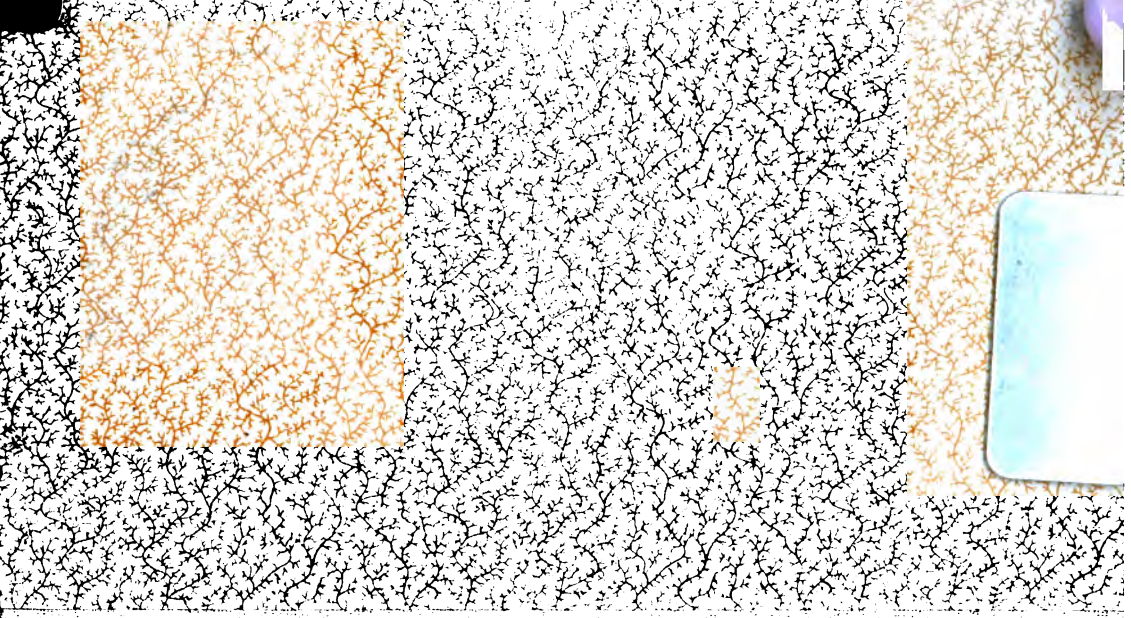
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